

# The Tatler

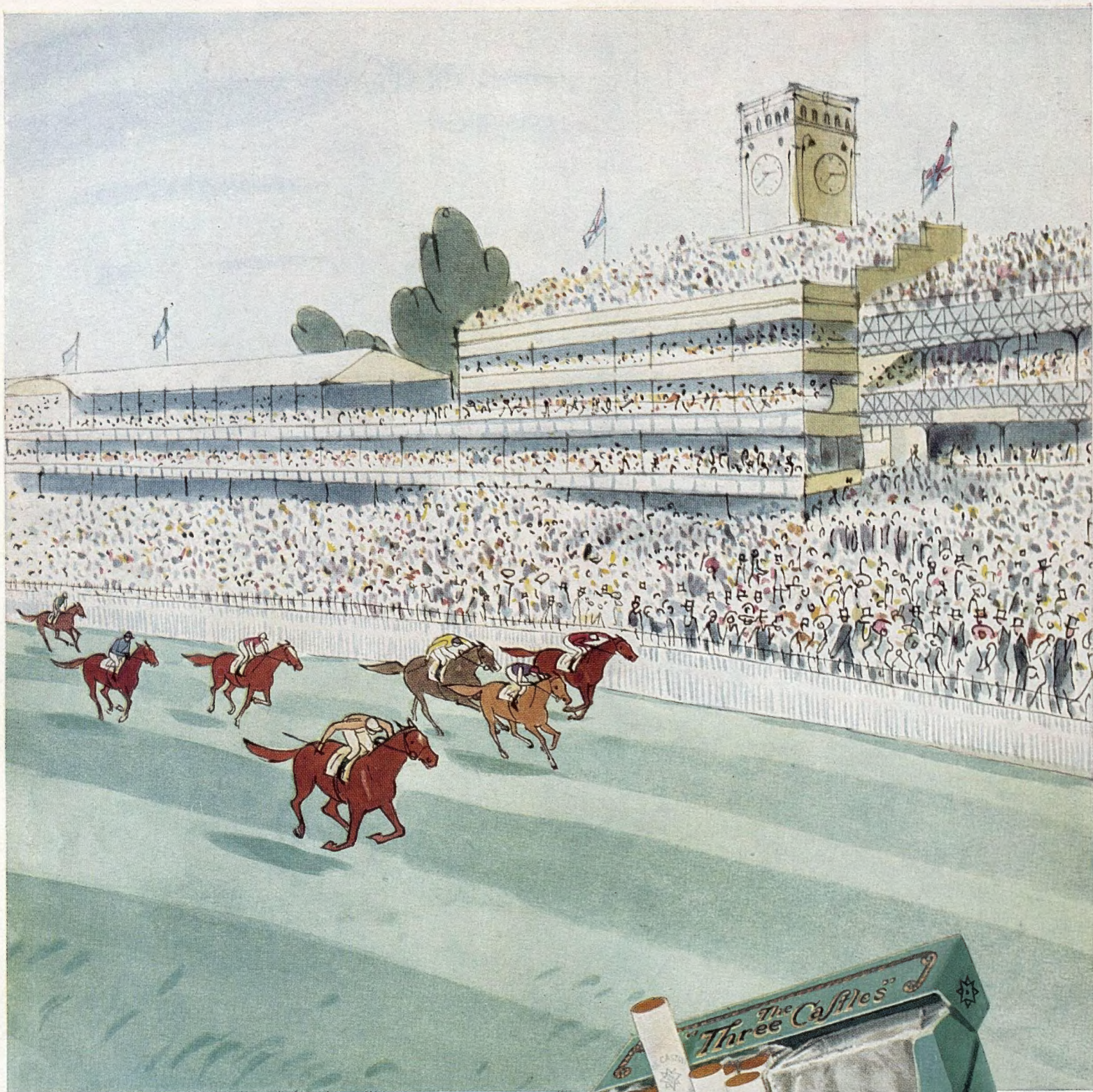
and Bystander



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OCT. 2, 1957  
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The TATLER and Bystander, OCTOBER 2, 1957



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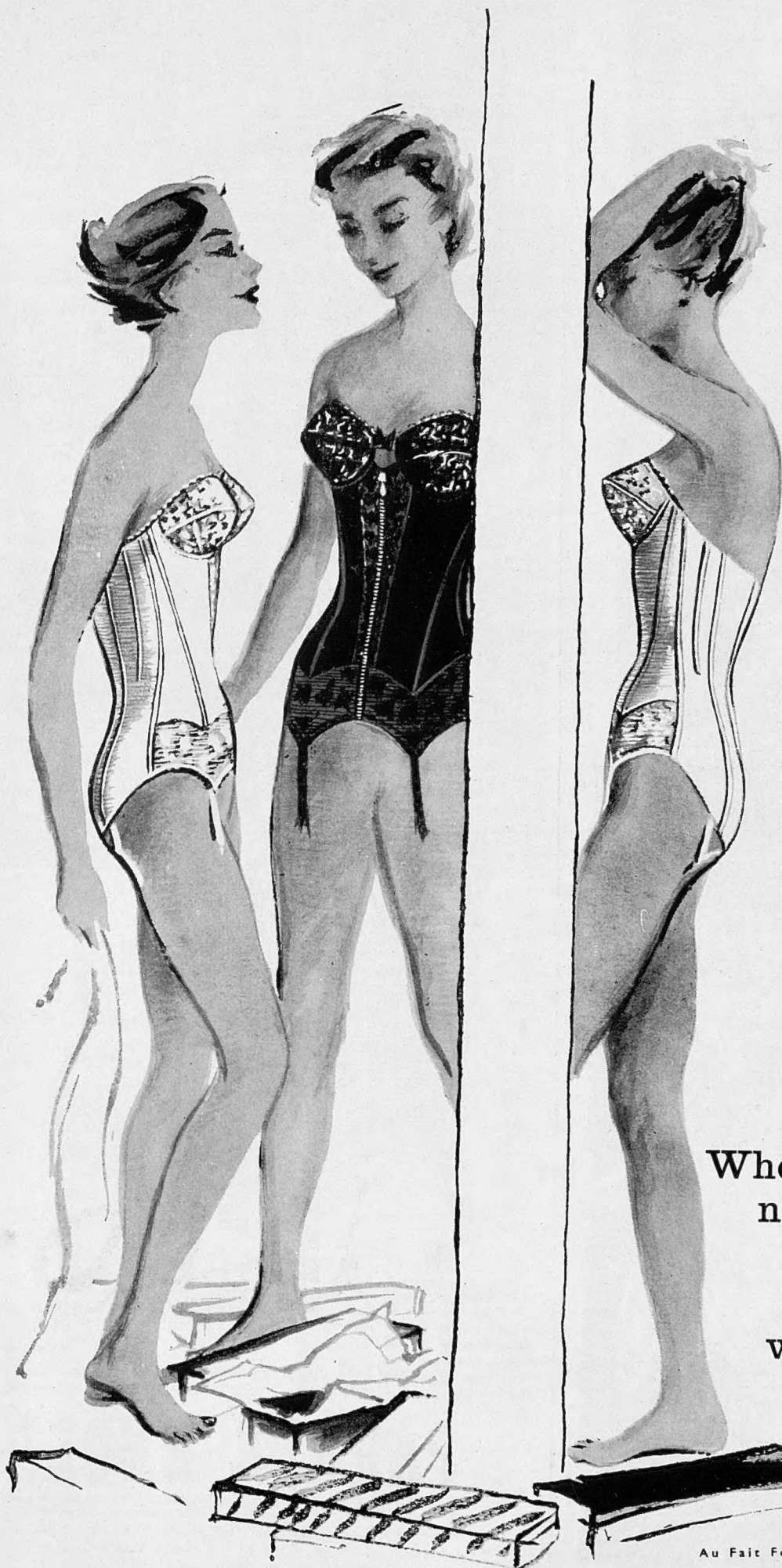
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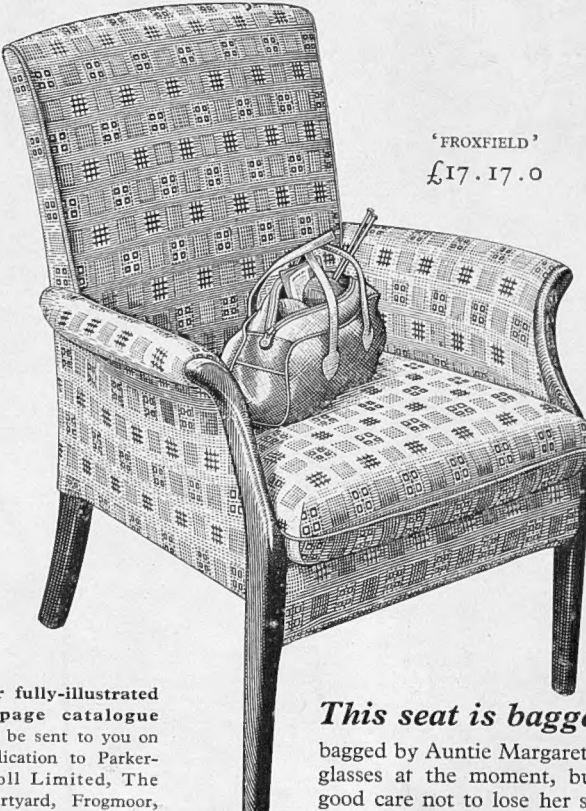


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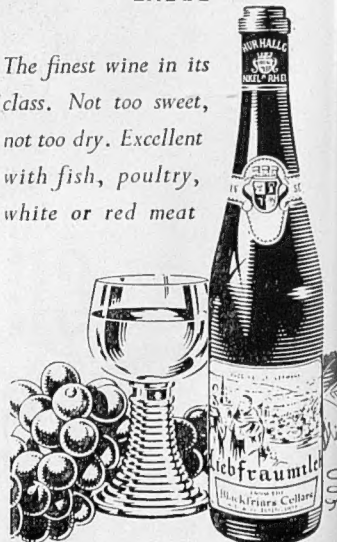
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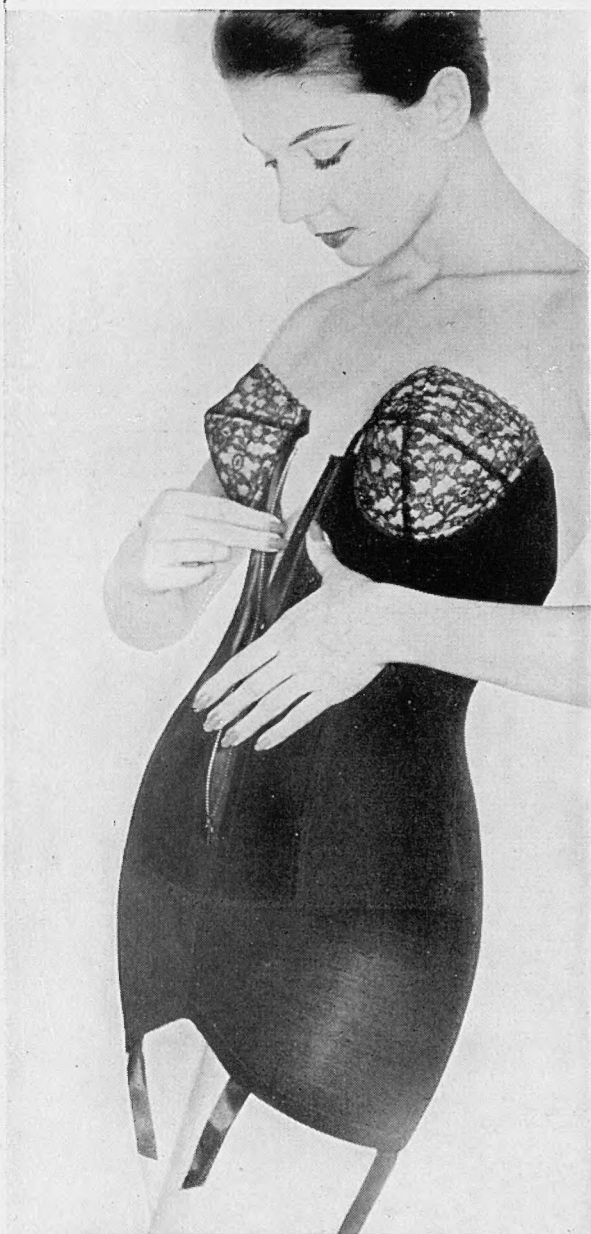
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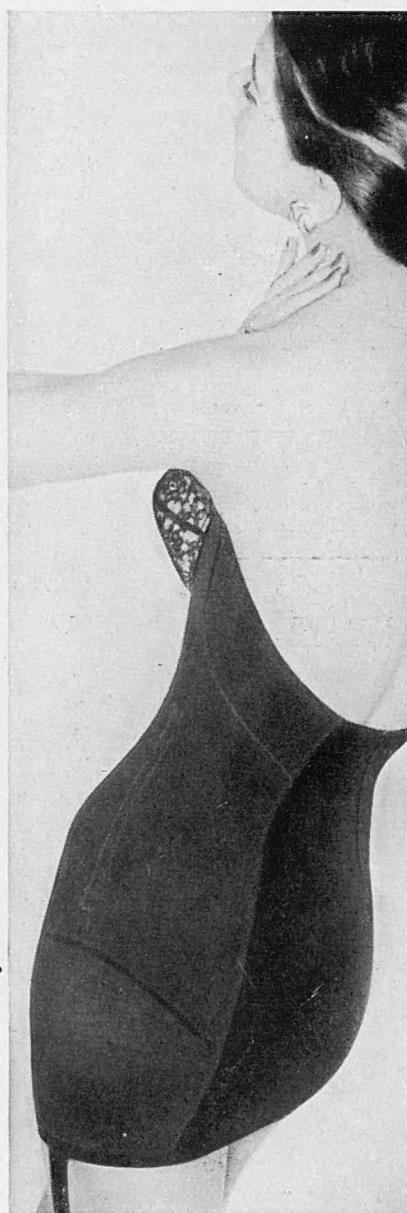
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# DIARY OF THE WEEK

From October 2 to October 9



MISS PHILIPPA DU BOULAY is the younger daughter of Major N. H. Du Boulay, of Porchester Terrace, London, and of Mrs. Isabel de Lancastre Du Boulay, of Patia do Pimenta, Lisbon. She was educated at the Lycee Charles Lepierre in Lisbon, and speaks fluent French and Portuguese. Miss Du Boulay made her debut this year. Her elder sister, Miss Diane Du Boulay, has recently announced her engagement to Mr. Ivan Villax, whose parents live in Portugal

**Oct. 2 (Wed.)** Exhibition: Paintings by Derek Hill at the Leicester Galleries (three weeks).

**Birmingham Mail Midlands Ideal Home Exhibition** (to 25th), Bingley Hall, Birmingham.

**English Jersey Cattle Society Autumn Show and Sale** (two days), at Reading.

**Golf: Ryder Cup Match** (two days), at Lindrick, Yorkshire.

**Racing** at Newmarket and Haydock Park.

**Oct. 3 (Thu.)** New Forest Pony Sales, Beaulieu Road, Hampshire.

**Women of the Year Luncheon, 1957**, at the Savoy, in aid of the Greater London Fund for the Blind.

**Dance:** Lady Plowden, Mrs. R. Geddes and Mr. G. Maclean, for Miss Anna Plowden, Miss Alison Geddes and Miss Patricia Maclean, at the Hyde Park Hotel.

**Challoner Club Dinner Dance** at the Dorchester.

**Film premiere: Robbery Under Arms** at the Odeon Theatre, Leicester Square.

**Racing** at Newmarket and Haydock Park; steeplechasing at Wincanton.

**Oct. 4 (Fri.)** Scottish Kennel Club Championship Show (two days), Waverley Market, Edinburgh.

**Dance:** Mrs. Stopford Adams for Miss Charmain Stopford Adams, at Ansty Hall, near Coventry.

**Ball at the Guards' Boat Club**, Maidenhead, given by the Council for the Order of St. John for Berkshire.

**Racing** at Newbury.

**Oct. 5 (Sat.)** Exhibition of English Ivories (to November 25), at Leicester.

**Charity Fashion Show by Baroque** at Hartwell House, Aylesbury, in aid of the Distressed Gentlefolks' Aid Association, 5 p.m. to 7 p.m.

**Royal East Berkshire Show** at Maidenhead.

**Association Football: Ireland v. Scotland** at Belfast.

**Dance:** Mrs. Charles Chichester for Miss Diana Chichester, at Hall, near Barnstaple, Devon.

**Racing** at Newbury, Catterick Bridge and Lanark; steeplechasing at Stratford on Avon, Uttoxeter and Carlisle.

**Oct. 6 (Sun.)** Bach Recital by Yehudi Menuhin at the Royal Festival Hall, 3 p.m.

**Oct. 7 (Mon.)** Swansea Festival of Music and the Arts (one week), Swansea, Glamorgan.

**Racing** at Nottingham; steeplechasing at Carlisle and Fontwell Park.

**Oct. 8 (Tue.)** Cambridge Michaelmas Term begins. Horse of the Year Show (to 12th), at Harringay.

**Golf:** Saxone Amateur-Professional Tournament (to 10th), at Gleneagles.

**First Night:** Joyce Grenfell at the Lyric, Hammer-smith.

**Dance:** Mrs. Leslie Aked, Mrs. Jenkin Coles and Mrs. Robert Fender, for Miss Virginia Aked, Miss Anne Fender, and Miss Susan Coles, at 6 Belgrave Square.

**Racing** at Nottingham; steeplechasing at Fontwell Park.

**Oct. 9 (Wed.)** Seventh Chelsea Antiques Fair (to 19th), Chelsea Town Hall.

**Dance:** Cdr. A. B. Russell and Lady Tredegar for Miss Bridgit Russell, at Claridge's.

**Racing** at Lingfield Park and York.



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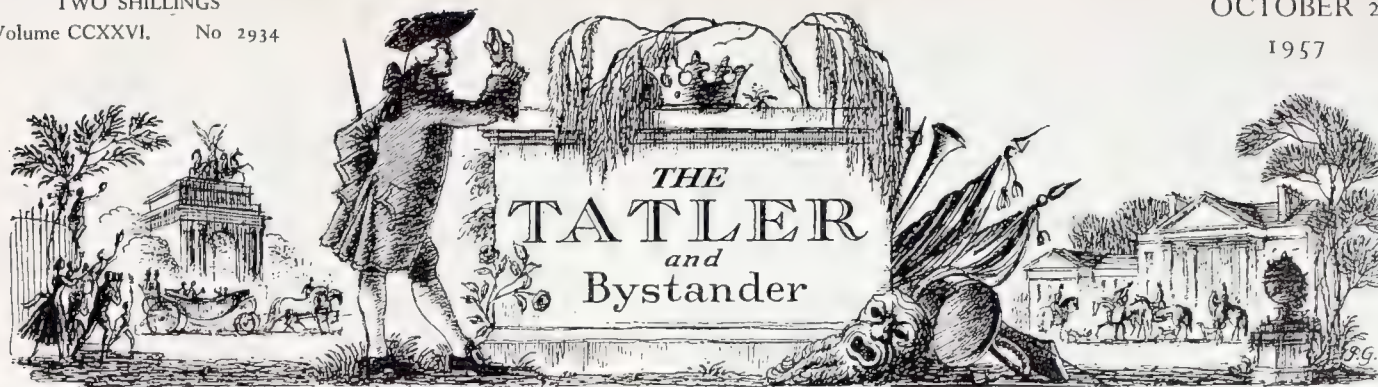


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Barry Swache

## Lady Anne Tennant with her son, Charles

THIS delightful photograph is of Lady Anne Tennant and her six-month-old son, Charles, her first child. It was taken in their Kensington home. Lady Anne Tennant was formerly Lady

Anne Veronica Coke, the eldest daughter of the Earl of Leicester. She married the Hon. Colin Christopher Paget Tennant, eldest son of Lord Glenconner, in April of last year





*The  
TATLER  
and  
Bystander,  
OCTOBER 2,  
1957  
10*

*Miss Susan Boxhall and Mr. Brian Harris at this  
bon voyage party*



*Mr. Stephen Pallay and Miss Sally Gluckstein  
were among the young guests*

*Miss Heather Turner-Laing,  
Baron William de Gelsey*

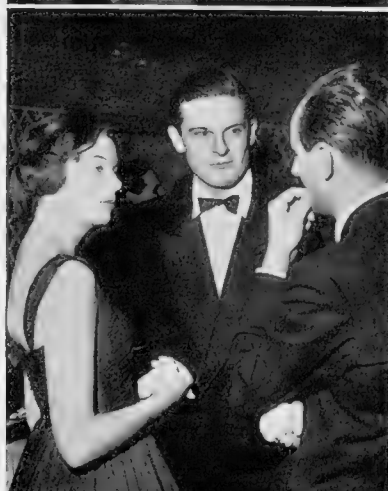
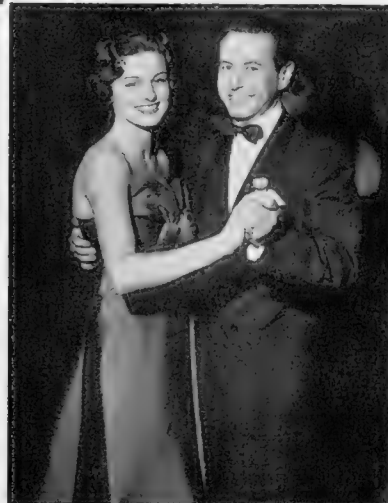
*The Hon. Martin Browne and  
Miss Alison Bradford*

## A FAREWELL DANCE

MR. AND MRS. HUBERT RAPHAEL gave a  
farewell dance for their daughter Wendy  
(above) who is spending the next six months  
in Australia, at their Sussex Place house



*Mr. Michael Morris dancing with  
Miss Sally Raphael. Nearly 200  
were present*



*Miss Gillian Clark, Mr. G.  
Turner-Laing, Baron Alex-  
ander de Gelsey*



*Mr. David Higham, Miss  
Patricia Blagden and Mr.  
Richard Robinson*

*A. V. Swaeb*





R. Clapperton

THE COUNTESS OF DALKEITH is seen with her younger son, William Henry John, after his christening at Holy Trinity Church, Melrose. With them are the Duchess of Buccleuch, Bishop Warner, the Earl of Ellesmere, Miss Bruce, Mr. and Mrs. J. MacNeill, Lady Constance Cairns, Lord Eskdaill and his father the Earl of Dalkeith

## Social Journal

Jennifer

# DANCES FOR THE AUTUMN

THE autumn season is about to begin—the Queen and Prince Philip are ending their Scottish holiday and are soon off for their official visit to Canada and the United States. Prince Charles is beginning his first term at preparatory school, and Princess Anne has started her lessons again with her governess, until Christmas—which to many of us seems very near with the numerous Christmas bazaars and other seasonable events in our diary. The little season is also becoming more popular each year for débutante dances, which young people seem to enjoy so much more at this time of the year than if they had been packed into an already overcrowded summer season.

Then, of course, there are the usual number of charity dances and, lastly, the hunt balls which also begin about this time. The following is a list of most of these dances arranged before Christmas:

LAST night, October 1, Mrs. Richard Hanbury, Mrs. Arthur Procter and Mrs. Donald Smith were giving a dance at the Haberdasher's Hall in the City for Miss Lucinda Hanbury, Miss Susan Procter and Miss Carolyn Smith, all 1957 débutantes. Tomorrow night, October 3, Lady Plowden, Mrs. R. Geddes and Mrs. G. Maclean are giving a joint dance at the Hyde Park Hotel for their daughters Miss Anne Plowden, Miss Alison Geddes and Miss Patricia Maclean. There is also the Challoner Club dinner-dance at the Dorchester.

On Friday, October 4, Mrs. Stopford Adams is giving a dance at Ansty Hall, near Coventry, for Miss Charmian Stopford Adams, and Lady Joubert is chairman of a ball that night at the Guards' Boat Club, Maidenhead, in aid of St. John for Berkshire. Saturday, October 5, Mrs. Charles Chichester is giving a dance at Hall, near Barnstaple, for Miss Diana Chichester. The following week begins with the dance which Mrs. Leslie Aked, Mrs. Jenkin Coles and Mrs. Robert Fender are giving on Tuesday, October 8, in Belgrave Square, for their daughters Miss Virginia Aked, Miss Sue Coles and Miss Anne Fender.

October 9, Cdr. A. B. Russell and Lady Tredegar will give a dance at Claridge's for their daughter, Miss Bridgit Russell. The following evening, October 10, has been chosen by the Hon. Mrs. C. G. Cubitt and

Mrs. W. W. B. Scott for the dance they are giving for their débutante daughters, Miss Celia Cubitt and Miss Maxine Scott, at 23 Knightsbridge. While on October 11, many friends will be going up to Shropshire for the dance which Lady Holcroft is giving for Miss Virginia Holcroft, and the same evening the Association of Lancastrians are holding their dinner-dance in London at the Dorchester.

On Tuesday, October 15, Mrs. Lorraine Woollard is giving a dance for her daughter, Miss Rosemary Woollard, in London. The next evening Mrs. W. A. A. Greenwell and Mrs. Patrick Maxtone Graham are joint hostesses at one they are giving for their daughters, Miss Eve Greenwell and Miss Susan Smartt, at the Hyde Park Hotel. Thursday, October 17, Mrs. William Boxhall is giving a small dance at the Lansdowne Club for her daughter Miss Susan Boxhall; and the London Reel Club Ball, under the chairmanship of Miss Bridget Heaton-Armstrong, takes place at the Hurlingham Club. It is in aid of the British Rheumatic Association and the Royal Society for Home Relief to Incurables, Edinburgh. On October 18, Mrs. Gavin Clark and Mrs. Alan Walker jointly give a dance at Twatley Manor, Malmesbury, Wiltshire, which is being very kindly lent for the occasion by Mr. Robert Rennie, for their daughters Miss Gillian Clark and Miss Elizabeth Walker, and the same night the Michaelmas Ball in aid of the Ascot and Sunninghill branch of the N.S.P.C.C. takes place at the Guards' Boat Club, Maidenhead. On Saturday, October 19, Mrs. Le Hunte Anderson will give a dance at Standen Manor, Hungerford, for her daughter Miss Juliet Anderson who made her début last year.

ON Tuesday, Oct. 22, Mrs. Donald Maclean and Mrs. Roland Bourne are giving one in London for their daughter and step-daughter Miss Fiona Maclean and Miss Sally Bourne, and next evening October 23, the annual Cambridgeshire dinner-dance takes place at the Dorchester. On Friday, October 25, Mrs. Sidney Eaton and Mrs. Angus Binney are giving a small dance at Luddesdown Court, Kent, for their daughters Miss Sally Eaton and Miss Jean Binney. The same night the Newbury Race Ball takes place in the Corn Exchange,

[Continued overleaf]





Van Hallan

Mr. Brian Shone, Miss P. White, Sir Dymoke White, Bt., and Lady Alexandra Haig-Thomas

**The Camberley, Staff College, and R.M.A. Sandhurst Horse Show**, held annually on the rolling greensward in front of the old building of the Royal Military Academy, this year included a parade of the Sandhurst Beagles, a Musical Drive by the King's Troop, R.H.A., and National Dressage Championships



Officer Cadet D. A. Reid, Senior Cadet F. W. H. Lister, Officer Cadets P. de W. Young and H. W. K. Pye



Major-Gen. J. H. N. Poett, Commandant of the Staff College, Mrs. R. W. Urquhart and Mrs. D. Gordon

Newbury, and the Annual Banquet and dance of the Staffordshire Society at the May Fair Hotel. The last dance to take place in October is the Hallowe'en Ball on the 31st in aid of the National Children Adoption Association, at the Dorchester, which Princess Margaret will attend.

November begins with Lady Gretton and Mrs. William Codrington's dance for their daughters, the Hon. Mary Ann Gretton and Miss Sally Codrington, at Stapleford Park, Melton Mowbray, on the 2nd. On Monday, November 4, there is the Anglo-Brazilian Society Ball at the Dorchester, and on Thursday November 7, the Anglo-Spanish Ball takes place at Grosvenor House. Mrs. Ronald Bowes-Lyon is chairman of the International Dinner and Ball on November 13 at the Dorchester.

The first Hunt Ball of the season takes place on Friday, November 15, when the Bicester and Warden Hill Hunt are holding their autumn dance at Edgcote, and the same evening there is the R.N.V.R. Air Association Ball at Londonderry House. On November 20 the Florence Nightingale Hospital Ball, which is always a very social and gay event, takes place at the Park Lane Hotel; and the 500 Ball in aid of the British Rheumatic Association is at Claridge's on Friday, November 22.

On November 26, Lord and Lady Mancroft have a great number of friends supporting the West Ham Boys' Club dinner-ball at the Savoy Hotel, and the same evening the Red Cross Ball, County of London branch, takes place at the Dorchester. Princess Alexandra will be present. On November 27 joint-hostesses in London are Mrs. Owen Hugh Smith who will give a dance for her niece Miss Judith Abel Smith, and Mrs. John Buxton for her daughter Miss Penelope Buxton in London, and the Maple Leaf Ball takes place at the Dorchester.

ON the following night there is the U.S. Thanksgiving Day Banquet and dance, also at the Dorchester. On Friday, November 29, there are two Hunt Balls, the Old Raby Hunt Club Ball at Raby Castle, Yorkshire, and the Hambledon Hunt Ball in Winchester Guildhall. There is to be a St. Andrew's Night dance at Hurlingham Club on November 30. The Snow Ball in aid of the Greater London Fund for the Blind is at the Dorchester on December 4, and the following evening the Anglo-Turkish Society is holding its annual dinner-dance at the May Fair Hotel. On Friday, December 6, the Warwickshire Hunt Ball takes place at Coughton Court, Warwickshire, which Sir Robert Throckmorton has kindly lent for the occasion, and the Eridge Hunt Ball in the Elizabethan Barn at Tunbridge Wells, Kent.

The last of the débutante dances of 1957 is being given by Viscountess Ingleby on Tuesday, December 10, at Claridge's, for her very attractive youngest daughter the Hon. Mary Rose Peake. The Golf Ball, in aid of the Golf Foundation, takes place the same evening at Grosvenor House.

On December 12, the Liberal Ball is being held at the May Fair Hotel, and on December 16, there is the Downside, Ascot and Ampleforth supper-dance at the Dorchester. On Friday, December 20, Mrs. Michael Johnson is giving a dance to celebrate the coming-of-age of her son Mr. Antony Johnson at Sculshaw Lodge, Knutsford, and the same evening the Whaddon Chase Hunt Ball is being held at the Old Ride, Little Horwood, and the East Devon Hunt Ball at the Rougemont Hotel, Exeter.

Christmas Fairs and Bazaars include the Trafalgar Fair on October 24 at Park Lane House. On November 22 and 23 there is the Fifth Scottish Sale and Gathering at the Drill Hall of the London Scottish, 59 Buckingham Gate, and on December 2 the Christmas Fair in aid of the N.S.P.C.C. at the Dorchester.

In the photographs of the R.M.Y.C. Regatta at Poole, in our issue of September 11, the name of Anne Goddard was mistakenly given as "Anne Gordon." We much regret any inconvenience caused by this error.



Mrs. J. H. N. Poett presents a trophy to Miss Gilly Whipp, Mrs. G. G. R. Boon, and Mr. G. N. Hobbs





Miss Ann Scott, her poodle Gaimarche Gogetter, and Mrs. R. E. Price-Jones



Mrs. Hope-Waters judging Mrs. J. Morris-Cole's Saluki



Mr. J. Cox and Mrs. E. Hills organized the Gun Dog Trials

Van Hallan

LAST week, September 25, I wrote about my visit to Mrs. Constance L Spry at Winkfield Place, where I found students at work on cooking, dressmaking, interior décor, etc. Another day I spent a most interesting morning at another after-school establishment, the Cygnets House in Queen's Gate, which Mrs. Rennie-O'Mahony so successfully runs as a unique continuation college and cultural centre for the education and vocational guidance of post-school students. Many young girls come here before they make their début. The major aim of Cygnets House is to help students through the difficult year after they leave school. Here the curriculum includes languages, history or art, current events and topics of the day, international history, journalism, cooking, dressmaking, secretarial work, public speaking and platform procedure, and home nursing and first aid.

Mrs. Rennie-O'Mahony arranges numerous escorted visits not only to museums and art galleries, but also to theatres, concerts, peeps behind the scenes at industrial undertakings such as newspaper offices, motor works and film studios. Students can also be taken to events such as the Opening of Parliament, Trooping the Colour, the Derby, lawn tennis championships at Wimbledon, the Windsor Horse Show, and the Chelsea Flower Show. Each year there is the Cygnets Ball at Claridge's which is attended by Cygnets past and present and their friends. By the time most girls leave Cygnets House, they have learnt a lot of general knowledge, are *au fait* with current affairs, have something to talk about and are good companions and an asset at a lunch or dinner party.

The morning I was there, I found Mr. Peter Kirk, M.P., giving the students a most interesting lecture on inflation. I waited until question time at the end of the talk, and one of the first to put a question to this brilliant speaker, and a very sensible one, too, was Miss Zerelda Rougier-Chapman. Others I noticed listening intently in the nice, airy, common room were Miss Christine Critchley who has now gone on to finish in Paris before she makes her début next year, Miss Sally Anne Milner who is also making her début next year, Miss Beatrice d'Avila, Miss Caroline Tonge, Miss Hilary Laidlaw Thompson from Malaya, Miss Evelyn Prevost from New Zealand and a charming French girl Mlle. Evelyn Saint-Sauveur.

The House of Citizenship, which recently moved to its new, spacious and beautiful premises Hartwell House, near Aylesbury, is a much bigger affair. It caters for the girl of good intelligence and background who does not want to do three years' intensive study at a university or take a purely mechanical training, but who wants to use her mind, to widen her interests, to feel at ease with people of every walk of life, and to equip herself for an interesting job. The idea for this sort of after-school training was first conceived in 1933 by Miss Margaret Popham, then headmistress of Westonbirt School, who discussed the possibilities with Miss Margaret Godley who started a small place in the grounds of Westonbirt. In 1936 Miss Godley asked Miss Dorothy Neville-Rolfe (the present principal at Hartwell) to join her as a partner, and they launched the London House of Citizenship, a more ambitious venture in London. When the war came, the House of Citizenship moved out of London and spent the war years at Woodleys, Woodstock, and later returned to London greatly expanded. Miss Godley left in 1945, when she was called to India to take up a post on the Viceroy's staff working on a social service report. She now runs a unique four-week "Look and Learn" course of study for girls of post-school age from Hollow Point, King's College Road, N.W.3. In 1950 it moved again to the country and became a department of the Bonar Law Memorial College at

[Continued overleaf

The Thame Show, organized by the Thame Agricultural Association, was held in fine weather and attended by 30,000 people; it is reputed to be the largest one-day event of its kind in the country. Judging in the various classes started early in the morning and continued throughout the day



Lady Mary Rose Williams and Miss Ann Townsend



Mrs. Robeson, Mr. Peter Robeson, the Hon. Mrs. A. Baillie



Mr. A. R. P. Haynes and Mr. A. P. Haynes were with Mrs. J. O. McMillen



Mrs. J. Reed, Mrs. Randall, Mark Randall, Mr. Morcom-Harneys, Mr. N. Randall



Ashridge. This happy association terminated earlier this year when Miss Neville-Rolfe and the students moved to Hartwell House, part of which dates back to 1600, and was the home of Louis XVIII of France during his exile from 1807-1814. Here I found the basic training of the students—who number about eighty and range in age from seventeen to twenty, come from countries in every part of the world, and have to work harder here than most of them have ever done in their lives—is the study of national and international affairs. This includes our Parliamentary system, political parties and what they stand for, housing, public health, delinquency, also the study of governments, peoples and problems of the Commonwealth, and a command of written and spoken English. Self-confidence and independence of thought is built up by discussion, listening to first-class speakers, directed reading, and the opportunity of meeting and entertaining interesting people (guests at Hartwell range from ambassadors to Borstal girls), which provides an excellent antidote to shyness and lack of self-confidence. This also comes in useful in a woman's life when she has to cope with her husband's business friends and acquaintances. A wife who talks tactfully, discreetly and intelligently has often been instrumental in her husband getting an important position.

COMBINED with this basic training is a thorough course of secretarial training, or one in English literature, the history and appreciation of art and the study of history or French. The two courses cannot be combined. The result of the first one, I have heard, is excellent and most of the girls land "plum" jobs. The students trained here (they are taught on all the most up-to-date equipment) are accurate, show initiative, can spell and punctuate, address a judge or dowager correctly, use books of reference, use a telephone intelligently and discriminate between who should be granted an appointment with their employer and who should be firmly but politely discouraged. And above all they do not down tools as the clock strikes five! The aim of Miss Neville-Rolfe and the Governors is for the House of Citizenship to show girls how to be of real use in the world and how to be effective citizens wherever they may live. The peace of the world depends so much on the understanding of international problems, and the students of the House of Citizenship, who live and work together, learn each other's point of view.

So far I have only spoken of the educational side of Hartwell; on the less serious side new tennis courts are being laid, there is a lake with opportunities for boating, riding is available and hunting and beagling in the district, and it is within quite easy distance of Oxford which has much to entertain the young. Students have already received the greatest kindness from neighbours who have not only entertained the girls, but lent them ponies, tennis and squash courts. I was met on my arrival by Miss Penelope Uprichard, a charming and intelligent fourth-term student, and going round this spacious and airy mansion, which Countess Mountbatten formerly opened in July as "The House of Citizenship," I saw Miss Josephine Harrison from Kenya, and Miss Bridget Woodford, an Australian, both fourth-term students, Miss Jane Proctor, Miss Ann Renison who comes from British Guiana, Miss Heather Moncrieff, Fraulein Monika Greven who had come from Germany and was already feeling at home in her first term, Miss Claudette Llewellyn whose home is in Wales, Miss Judith Aiken and Miss Jennifer Cowan who both come from South Africa, Miss Joanna Nichols, Miss Penelope Meyrick, and Mlle. Marianne Wohlgroth from Switzerland.

\* \* \*

THE London couturiers, like the Paris fashion houses, are all busy showing their autumn collections. I have seen three of the London ones; firstly Hardy Amies where I saw exceptionally nice long coats, some worn over woollen dresses, as well as many delightful afternoon and evening dresses. Among the well dressed and chic women who have already seen this collection are the Hon. Lady Eccles, wife of the President of the Board of Trade, the Hon. Lady Lowson, Lady Glendyne, Viscountess Bearsted and Lady Cochrane, who spends much of her time in Beirut with her husband Sir Desmond Cochrane. Lady Marks, the Hon. Mrs. Whetherly and Mrs. O'Brien are among those who have been to see Worth's collection, while planning their winter wardrobe. My favourite at this collection was Pretext, a beautifully designed short evening dress in sapphire blue satin.

Ronald Paterson is a comparative newcomer to the small group of top designers. For the past two or three years his collections at his showroom in Albemarle Street have been a great topic of conversation, and come in for much praise. His winter collection is as good as any, and I thought included some enchanting clothes made in beautiful materials. He shows a great number of restaurant dresses—so useful if you spend much time in a city, whether it be London, Paris, Rome or New York. Among the large number who have already seen this collection are Lady Pamela Berry and Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft, two of our best dressed women, the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Senior, accompanied by her younger daughter Deirdre who was one of the best dressed and best turned out debutantes this year, Mrs. Laddie Lucas who never fails to look chic, Lady Cecilia Howard, Viscountess Walberton, the Dowager Lady Loch and the Hon. Mrs. Loch.



*Mrs. John Bevan, Mrs. Guy de Pass and Mrs. Harold de Pass at the wedding reception*

## A BRIDE FROM BERKSHIRE MARRIED IN LONDON



*Miss Jane Darwin talking to Miss Patricia Brewster and Mr. Donald Pearse*





*Mr. P. F. Pitt in conversation with Miss Diana Allfrey and Miss Jane Benzecry*

THE MARRIAGE took place at St. Martin-in-the-Fields between Mr. Barry Wedlock Pride, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Eric Pride, of Mulberry Walk, Chelsea, and Miss Sally Judith de Pass, elder daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Alan de Pass, of Miles's Green House, Bucklebury, Berkshire. The reception was held at 23 Knightsbridge



Van Hallan

*The bride and bridegroom with the best man, Mr. Michael Braine, the grown-up bridesmaids, Miss Jill de Pass, Miss Susan Coxwell-Rogers, Miss Morwenna Hawke and Miss Gillian Ungley, the child bridesmaid Belinda de Pass, and pages Timothy Bevan and Peter Hardy*



*Mr. Ian Butler, Mr. Fergus Graham, Mrs. Christopher Needham and Mrs. Martin Acland*



*Mr. Stephen Tumim, Miss Marcella Ryan, Mr. G. H. Nicolson and Miss Angela Martineau*



# TOWN OF THE HIDALGOS

## IN SANTILLANA DEL MAR, CHIVALRY'S LAST FOOTHOLD

*DAPHNE NIXON writes of one of Spain's most beautiful and unchanged medieval towns, a few miles inland from the Cantabrian coast of Spain and Biscay, where she took these photographs. She also tells of the journey through the fishing villages of this tempestuous coast*



*A coat of arms (above) worked in stone over one of the doorways of the town is typical of the escutcheons to be seen over almost every house in Santillana. These of the Cueva family incorporate many of the town's ancient lineages. Below, the imposing Tower of D. Borja with its fine Gothic arch and imposing facade in the Ramon Pelayo Square, once the stronghold of the Barreda family*



**T**o the modern traveller who may have become somewhat disillusioned in the search for the unspoilt, Santillana del Mar seems like a mirage; for it is not so much unspoilt as untouched. Time has been allowed to leave this village (it is now no more than that) much as it was in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and no hint of the modern world has been permitted to desecrate its sturdy medieval perfection.

Santillana is not, as one would expect from its name, on the sea, but some six miles inland from the nearest coastal point, and fifteen miles from Santander, the capital of the province on the Cantabrian coast of Spain. What gives the place its unique character are the rows of noblemen's ancient stone houses and the beautiful romanesque abbey, now a parish church. The houses themselves are relatively small, some of them only two stories high, but are remarkable for the escutcheons in stone representing the coats of arms of the families who lived there. Almost every other house seems to have been occupied by the nobility. The interior of a few have been modernized and are visited only rarely by their absentee landlords, others are museum pieces only, while the rest are now the houses of the local peasantry who drive their cows in through the front doors emblazoned above with heraldry. One of the most interesting is the house of H.H. the Archduchess of Austria, Dona Margarita of Hapsburg-Lorraine and Bourbon, which was once the house of the abbots of Santillana. The interior has been beautifully converted for modern living as the Archduchess is a periodic visitor. There is a large studio room on the top floor and the house appears to be kept ready for instant occupation.

Part of the abbey, which has some of the most beautiful cloisters to be found in Spain, dates back to the twelfth century, though the original site was much earlier. It has long been the sanctuary of the remains of St. Juliana from whom the town derives its name, and in the past its prosperity, because the abbey was richly endowed over a period of centuries and became a great place of pilgrimage. The abbot was given extensive secular powers and not only ruled the township but much of the surrounding countryside as well. Santillana was at that time known as the capital of the province of Asturias, and was the home of many Spanish noble families. They bitterly resented the authority wielded by the abbot with whom they permanently quarrelled, and when not in unison opposing him they constantly fought and feuded with each other.

**A**s the village now sleeps peacefully in the sun of old age, it creates the impression of being only temporarily deserted by these former violent inhabitants. At the entrance to the village, there is a small tree-lined space called the Campo de Revolgo, where all the principal events and disputes of the village have always taken place. A fountain that has supplied the village with water for centuries drips eerily in the centre, and as it grows dark, it is not difficult to sense the ringing sound of angry voices and steel on steel, as those bitter enmities never quite dissolve even with time. What a play Shakespeare might have written around Santillana! The stone balconies of the close-set houses, now bright with geraniums must have supported many Capulets and Montagues sighing for one another, for ever separated by the feuds of their elders.

To my mind, one of Santillana's chief attractions is that you can bask in the midst of history while at the same time living in the greatest comfort. One of the largest and most beautiful of the noblemen's houses has been converted into a state tourist inn by the





Spanish government and is known as The Parador Gil Blas. Everything has been done to retain the house's original character; there are the sombre portraits of pale faced Spanish grandees, antique furniture, vast stone floors and ebony wood panelling, while the house has that cool shaded stillness so typical of Spanish interiors. My large room with a modern bathroom had its own small entrance and outer door. French windows gave out on to a wrought iron balcony cascading with geraniums, below was the secluded wall garden of the Gil Blas and beyond it the foothills of the green, mountainous countryside.

SANTILLANA is an almost endless source of inspiration to the tourist, the painter or writer in search of atmosphere. Its colouring and shadows, its hundreds of different visual aspects, apart from the historical interest, cannot be fully assimilated in a day, which is all many tourists find time to spend there.

This is a great pity, for apart from the fascination of the place itself, it is also an excellent centre for seeing the surrounding countryside, providing you have a car. Even the most fleeting visitors go over the caves of Altamira with their famous prehistoric drawings of wild animals, but few of them find the beautiful little beach of Cobraces, six miles away, with its white sand and black rocks and green turf growing to the deserted water's edge. There are other attractive small coastal resorts and fishing villages within a radius of fifteen miles or so. Santander itself is a fine Spanish town, built partly on the waterfront and partly on a hill. It is more truly Spanish in character than San Sebastian, which is thick with summer visitors, so that prices soar and hotels deteriorate in the manner so familiar to the long-suffering, uncomplaining British tourist.

I MADE Santillana my final destination in a journey that took me to all the remoter ports and fishing villages on this beautiful but relentless coast of Biscay. It is so mountainous and rocky that beaches and coves are comparatively few and fall only at the mouths of mountain rivers. The coastline is very reminiscent of North Cornwall and the climate similar, though with a much warmer atmosphere.

These fishing villages are all of them picturesque, and some with their wing buttressed romanesque churches and romantic harbour quarters are unforgettable. The road from San Sebastian to Santander is entirely mountainous and drops steeply down to each individual village from immense Pyrenean heights. Part of the road is cut high up out of the side of the rock and looks down on miles of dramatic coastal scenery. The most attractive of these villages perhaps is Lesqueitio, which has the advantage of good hotel accommodation, Plencia is another. Both of these places seem as yet not to have been discovered by the larger shoals of British tourists. There are several more, though some of the smaller and remoter ports smell rather too pungently of fish for the tourist nose.

The mountain scenery, though not spectacular in these lower reaches of the Pyrenees, has its own beauty to which the small villages trailing down the mountain sides do much to contribute. There is no village too small or too primitive to possess its own romanesque church, standing on a height, the peasants' houses grouped around it like a protect:d flock.

The distance from San Sebastian to Santillana is only some 150 miles but it should be taken slowly really to appreciate all there is to see.

*The Ramon Pelayo Square (above left), where lived most of the principal families of Santillana, was also the centre of the main fortifications. Above, the Calle de las Lindas with its strong medieval atmosphere. Below, a "Penitente" advances on the camera with a broom during the gay fiesta celebrated every year for St. Juliana, who is Santillana's own patron saint, buried in the abbey*





## BIRTHDAY CONCERT

DR. RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS, O.M., who is eighty-five on October 9, is to attend a concert of his works being given in his honour by the London Philharmonic Orchestra at the Royal Festival Hall next Wednesday. The conductor will be Sir Adrian Boult. This picture shows Dr. Vaughan Williams at his Dorking home



Allan Chappelou

## Roundabout

### THE CLEVEREST COUP IN RIVIERA HISTORY

**D. B. Wyndham Lewis**



Michael Dunne

MR. DEREK HILL is holding the first exhibition of his paintings in London for some years. It opens today and can be seen for three weeks at the Leicester Galleries

PEOPLE who complain about the "absolute dullness" of this and that have only themselves to blame, as I was compelled to inform a radiant girl at a dinner-party the other night. Dullness, raised to a certain degree, can be utterly enchanting, as a few connoisseurs of sensation are aware. I had recently returned from enjoying once more one of the most exquisitely, luxuriously, intoxicatingly dull experiences in modern life; namely that of watching the multi-millionaires of Europe and America at play in a Riviera casino.

There are ways of having fun even in a high-class casino, and I once knew where to go to hear about a few. But like everything else, the Riviera has invariably changed since one was there last. My quiet comfortable little frowsty dive overlooking the moonlit Mediterranean had turned into a chromium plated night club of great horror, with an intolerable band, and at the table behind the door where the fattest and most jovial of retired Riviera crooks used to sit nightly was some kind of glazed dummy in a dinner jacket, with a female companion to match. One of the old waiters was still there.

"Monsieur Philippe?"

"Il est mort."

So that was that. They didn't mind much, the *patron* being new and shiny like the fittings, and I left them to their blare and glitter. They didn't know what they had lost. Along that gaudy littoral there are always plenty of crooks and to spare, in the big hotels and out of them, but Monsieur Philippe was an honest one, with a code like Robin Hood's.

No onslaughts except on those well able to afford it; no funny business with the girls, whether belonging to *les copains* or not; no underhand ploys of any sort; just a sober, well-planned raid now and again on the big bull-bison of the Riviera and away. They'd never been able to pin anything on Monsieur Philippe. Barring some obscure early trouble in the army and a session in the penal battalion called the *Bat' d'Af'* he had a clean card, officially speaking, and I think in his retired years he was of some assistance to the police. I got to know him through a bosom friend in the town to whom he owed some obligation or other, probably connected with a past operation. He never



boasted, and he had, apart from an enormous sense of fun, a certain fastidiousness which forbade indulgence in any of the dubious tricks practised by star performers on the Sûreté's black list. Thus he scorned the virtuosi of the Browning and the sand-packed stocking, and he had no more sympathy with the types who stripped the roof of the Madeleine of its lead on a celebrated occasion than with those who swipe the wallets and the baggage on luxury expresses. Forging banknotes and blowing safes he deemed fit only for vile mechanics, and he prized the opinion of him held by an aged mother (who believed him to be in the marine-store trade) too highly to exploit widows and orphans. The Riviera was Monsieur Philippe's natural playground, and he believed, with O. Henry's celebrated grafter, that the suckers would be sadly disappointed if there were no wide boys at hand to play with them.

HERE, pieced together partly from his own chuckling reminiscences some time ago, and partly from his friend's, is the story of the Coup That Went Wrong. The names are all changed.

There were four of them: a character who had spent some time in New York and was known as "Doc," a young man called Raoul, his girl, a charming creature named Céline, and Monsieur Philippe himself. "Doc," a masterful personage who had at one time been struck off some rolls or register or other, was the organizer, with Monsieur Philippe's assistance. Raoul, like Céline, came from Paris; both were equipped with nimble brains and fingers, dressed well and specialized in every kind of card game. Discipline was strict and rehearsals careful, especially as to timing. The routine involved in this case, simplicity itself if properly carried out, was rehearsed at intervals for some days.

On the appointed evening the casino was fairly full. Play at the baccara and *trente-et-quarante* tables had been proceeding as usual for some time when a stoutish, well-dressed, dazed-looking player started up suddenly from his chair with a stifled cry and stumbled towards the nearest exit. Just before he reached it a shot rang out and he crumpled on the floor, clutching a revolver.

THE onlookers had barely begun to gasp when a tall, imposing figure rose from a table nearby and strode towards the body, brushing aside the officials and an agitated *chef de salle*. "I'm a doctor," he said curtly, tossing them a card. Having knelt and swiftly examined the body he shrugged and rose.

"Well?" snapped the *chef de salle*.

"Just alive. A near miss. Touch and go. Ring for an ambulance at once. No. Wait."

Frowningly the doctor pondered a moment.

"I'll take him to hospital myself," he said. "There's not a minute to lose. My car's outside. You'll find me at the Magnifique. Bring him along, quickly."

They carried the victim out, the doctor drove away with his burden, and the *chef de salle* returned to his bureau, more indignant than grieved. Good riddance, and the matter could be arranged with the police if necessary. Gentlemen are supposed to shoot themselves, if they so desire, in the ornate gardens laid out by every Riviera casino for that purpose. And play proceeded.

The whole incident had taken barely five minutes. Within two seconds of the shot, as even every croupier in the room looked up for a moment he said himself, Raoul at a far table had slid a slim

wad of prepared cards into the proper place. Using thenceforth moves planned on paper beforehand, and refraining carefully from winning too much too soon, he and his charming partner were able to rejoin Doc and Monsieur Philippe some hours later with a pretty packet.

I HAVE called it the Coup That Went Wrong. It went wrong—relatively—some time later, across a frontier, in another casino, during Monsieur Philippe's absence in Paris on other business. His successor, a rather caddish type, resented being reminded by Raoul of a past attempt at a double-cross sufficiently to mingle the vulgar word *zigouiller* (to carve, or slice) with other promises, and during the excitement Céline, whose charge it was, forgot that the shot had, of course, to be a blank. Fond, careless, vivacious girl! However, since her slip in loading increased the share-out by a quarter, the accident had its bright side after all.

Musing over the moral aspects of such business operations, which one might call City mergers on a small scale, I am glad to recall that in all these cases at least they benefited one deserving cause: that of a dear old guileless, silver-haired Mamma, *la pauvre Maman*, to whom her son was devoted. But how banal! How sentimental! I apologize for such an ending.



BRIGGS

by Graham



# KING OF THE TASTINGS

*GUY PRINCE, who has lifted the status of a wine-tasting to that of a major function in the pattern of London life, is here described in profile by André Simon, doyen of wine connoisseurs*

"GOOD wine needs no bush" will not do any longer: it is hopelessly out of date. "Good wine needs a push" is much more in keeping with today's publicity-conscious public and nobody knows it better than Guy Prince. What sort of man is he? He is rather slightly built, middle-aged—fifty-three years old to be precise, always ready to let others talk, whether they have anything to say or not; he is content to be the last to speak and he never shouts. He has the quiet, serious, almost apologetic manner which one might easily imagine to be that of an income tax official, rather than that of one of the most important wine merchants in the land. He has the imagination and vision of the poets but not their conceit nor their gift of expression. He is no dreamer but a doer, a realist, purposeful and efficient: he gets things done and done without any fuss: he has the rare gift of making others work not for him but with him, and with a will.

When Guy Prince left school in 1921 he was sent to France by his father, a great friend of Keith Mackenzie, the head of the firm of French wine shippers founded in 1861 by his uncle, J. L. P. Lebègue. Thus it was that Guy's first real taste of wine and wine-making happened to be of the finest vintage which France has known since World War One. Back in London in 1922, he entered at the ripe age of eighteen the portals of Messrs. J. L. P. Lebègue & Co. Ltd., London, as "personal assistant to office boy," as he describes it himself. After World War Two, in which he served in North Africa, he rejoined the firm but this time as managing director, whilst Keith Mackenzie acted as chairman until his death in 1951.

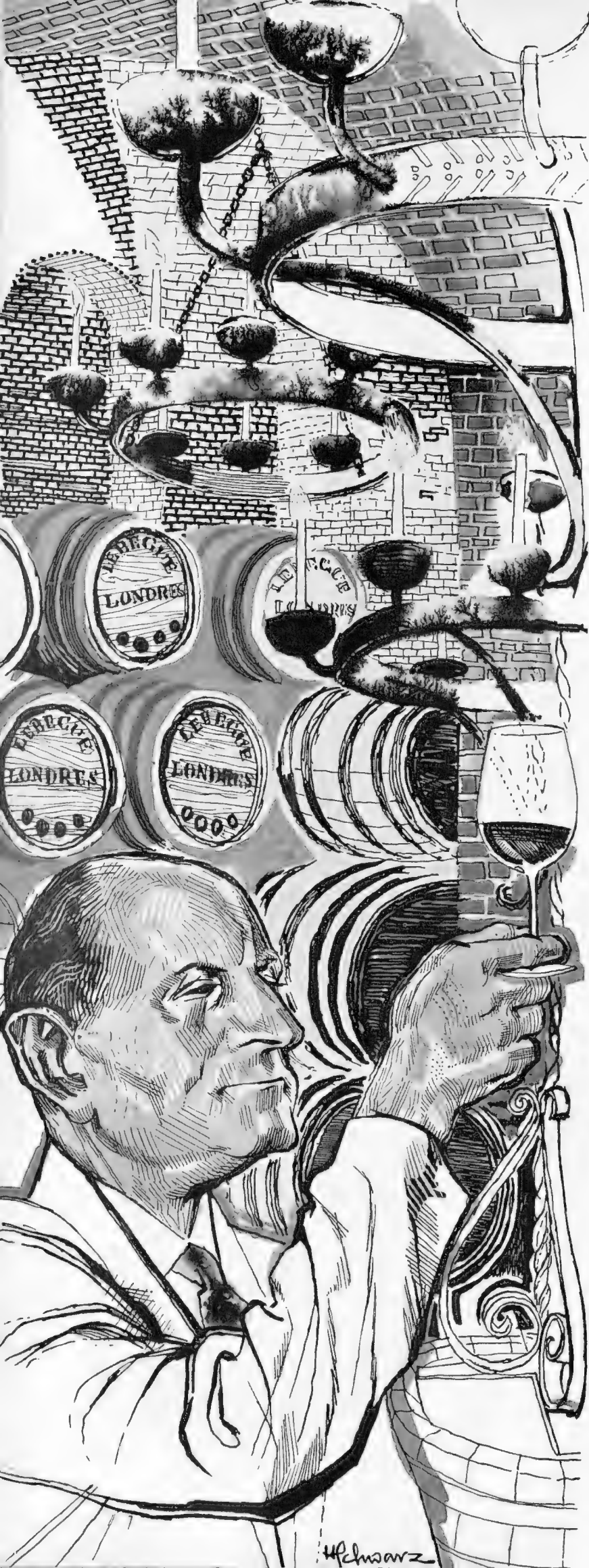
THE postwar years were particularly difficult for the wine trade everywhere. In England the re-shuffling of wealth, which inevitably results from major catastrophies, had left many formerly well-to-do wine lovers much poorer, whilst others had acquired riches more readily than an educated palate.

Guy Prince had more than business foresight: he had vision. He realized that something must be done to bring the whole of the public, rich and poor alike, to take a measure of interest in wine, whether they could afford to buy it or not. It could only be done by making wine "news," and this is exactly what he has done by the Lebègue Annual French Wines Tastings.

The first of these Tastings, the latest of which starts today, was organized in 1949 after two years' planning and they have been held ever since in the firm's cellars underneath London Bridge, an ideal setting.

To be given an opportunity of choosing from more than two hundred different French wines those which one wishes to taste and to test is, in itself, a rare privilege but Guy Prince knows perfectly well how important it is to have the chance of talking about the wines which one is tasting—if and when, of course, you can talk to people who know what they are talking about. And who could talk about any wine better than the man who grew the grapes from which he made the wine in your glass? How it is done is anyone's guess and Guy Prince's secret, but at the Lebègue Tastings the Marquis de Lur Saluces, who owns the famous Château d'Yquem, the Baron Elie de Rothschild, owner of the no less famous Château Lafite, the Comte de Beaumont, who owns Château Latour, M. Pierre Ginestet of Château Margaux, M. Seymour Weller of Château Haut Brion, Henri de Villaine of the world-famous Burgundian growth of Romanée Conti, and other Bordeaux and Burgundy top-ranking personalities are there and not only willing but anxious to meet and help all who are interested in wine.

It was after the eighth of the Lebègue Annual Tastings that the President of French Republic, on November 9, 1956, signed the decree of Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur awarded to Guy Prince in grateful recognition of his great services to the cause of French wines—an honour richly deserved.







*The  
TATLER  
and  
Bystander,  
OCTOBER 2,  
1957  
21*

*Miss Judy Lund and Mr. Cecil  
Paynter*



*Mr. Jeffery Maunsell and Miss Jane  
McCaskie*

*Mr. Brian Perring, Mr. Richard Jowers  
and Miss Wendy Levitt*



*Van Hallan*

## A DOUBLE EVENT IS CELEBRATED IN THE SOUTH

BROXHAM HOUSE, Four Elms, Kent, the Elizabethan home of Mr. and Mrs. John Sim, was the scene of a twofold occasion, a dance to celebrate the twenty-first birthday of their son, Campbell, and the debut of their daughter, Zenia (above)

*Miss Lynda Bohane was dancing  
with Mr. D. G. McKinnon*

*Miss Heather Tarbutt partnered by  
Mr. Chatterton Sim*





## Letter from Paris

# THE NEW BAR IS NOT FOR PHILOSOPHERS

SINCE I have been away, a new bar has appeared in our street, a shining affair of chromium, slatted venetian blinds, and canary yellow plastic. It is packed to suffocation in the evenings, when loud, slightly nasal music comes blaring out of the interior. I cannot remember what it has replaced, most probably one of those small cafés with a fringe of dusty laurel bushes in pots, and a red and white awning, of which the street possesses its full share. Inside there were marble-topped tables pushed against shiny leather banquettes, and on the counter, among the bottles of liqueur and Pernod advertisements, a small radio to which nobody paid any attention except in moments of national crisis. Clients were encouraged to stay as long as they liked, a whole evening perhaps, reading, writing letters, or simply staring.

In such surroundings, in the past, new philosophies were evolved, masterpieces produced, and revolutions planned. None of these occupations could surely be carried on so successfully under the blue glare of neon lighting, perched upon futuristic chairs made of plastic banjo strings; and this, but for the revolutions, seems a pity.

PERHAPS it is the new bars themselves which are causing a minor revolution in the city's way of life. The conversation turned upon this at dinner the other evening, and many pessimistic voices were raised to attack the new self-service restaurants, which began in the Champs-Élysées for the benefit of tourists, and which are now spreading all over the place at an alarming rate. As I had not yet visited one, I could not take sides, and this week I made up my mind to see what they were like. Half the clientele of the right-bank establishment which I chose were French, which seems an omen in view of all that one has so long been told about the sacred nature of the Gallic lunch hour. If these restaurants were really cheap, their popularity would be understandable, for since the franc was devalued prices have risen, and we have been warned that they will be even higher during the winter; so that cheapness covers a multitude of sins at present. I ate food which was not only dull, but also tepid, sustained by the virtue of economy, and then discovered to my disgust that it had cost the same price as a three-course lunch, wine and service included, at my usual modest bistro, where one is only interrupted by the *patron's* cat, who snores loudly upon a velvet cushion on the counter.

It was impossible to sustain any kind of conversation against the clanging of tin trays, and as most of the French people I have encountered enjoy endless talk, it seems to me that this will surely cause a further upheaval in their way of life, if such places continue to multiply.

LATER, I wandered into the Tuileries in search of fresh air and coffee. I found myself close to a compatriot who was in difficulties with her camera. She was about to give up in despair, when a French lady, wearing a tight black skirt and quantities of fuzzy scarlet hair *à la Colette*, begged to be of assistance. Although professing herself to be well acquainted with cameras, she held this one upside down, pointed ominously at her own feet, while interested waiters gathered round, flicking at it occasionally with a napkin. Meanwhile the owner of the camera sat posed for action, quietly smiling under the scarlet umbrella, hands folded in neat kid gloves, and ankles crossed. When all was successfully over, mutual compliments were exchanged, the waiters brought everybody refreshment all round, and the ladies became confidential over a *café filtre*. The owner of the camera revealed that this was her first visit to Paris since World War One, and gave us to understand that she had poignant memories of those days, and scenes to be revisited. Madame heaved sighs of comprehension at this, while crumbling sugar into a teaspoon, to feed to her dog. Both then joined forces to lament the past, for the lady with the



KETUT WITI, an enchanting nine-year-old, is the star of the Bali Ballet. With her during a performance at the Palais de Chaillot in Paris is Marion, who is the eldest member of this company



"ORESTES," a Jean Cocteau drawing in his book "Opium," translated by Margaret Crosland and Sinclair Road (Peter Owen, 25s.)





## AT HOME IN MILAN

COUNTESS MARCO PARAVICINI is seen with her children Aldo and Luca, who are twins. The Countess is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Aldo Crespi, and was photographed in their beautiful palace on the Corso Venezia, which is famed for its beautiful art treasures

F. J. Goodman

camera had found things much changed, and for the worse. She had gone back to a favourite little restaurant, only to find it transformed into a cafeteria, which was by no means the same kind of thing; and for five times the price of the wonderful meals she had enjoyed there in the old days, if we would believe her.

I BELIEVED her only too well, and so did Madame. "Hélas!" she exclaimed, raising her eyes and hands heavenwards. "These monstrosities are now all over the place! I ask you, when decent people don't choose to sit down properly to enjoy their food, something must be very wrong with the world. But they will all be punished for it..." she added, with evident satisfaction, "for anyone foolish enough to eat in such a place will certainly end their lives with indigestion. It's as certain as that night follows day!" After this pronouncement, I had not the courage to confess that I had so recently been one of these rash characters myself. I got up and walked quietly away, leaving them gesticulating at each other in horrified amity. Since nothing creates better feeling than a mutual complaint, the self-service restaurants, while dispensing indigestion, may be unconsciously striking a blow for *entente cordiale*.

None the less, I was very glad, later that evening, to find myself in one of the most old-fashioned and reactionary of all Paris cafés, full of mahogany and gloom. It prides itself upon resembling an English country pub, which is the reason, I suppose, that it always leaves its Christmas decorations in place until the owners depart for their summer holidays. I hardly recognized it this week, swept bare of imitation holly and paper chains, and the tinsel bells round the necks of the large plaster Hennessy dogs in the window. But before we know where we are, it will be time to put them all back once again.

—Oriol Malet



Elle n'aime pas les intellectuels! . . .





"NEKRASSOV" (Royal Court Theatre). In Mme. Bounoumi's drawing-room harassed newspaper chairman Mouton (Felix Felton, centre), the impostor Nekkassov (Robert Helpmann), and the bearded Demidoff (Martin Miller). Looking on sceptically, are Inspector Chapuis (John Wood, left), and editor Jules Palotin (Harry H. Corbett). Below, Sibilot (George Benson), and Veronique (Jane Downs)

### At the Theatre

## M. SARTRE IN JOCULAR MOOD

Anthony Cookman



IT is agreeable to discover that the grim features of M. Jean-Paul Sartre can relax into a broad grin of delight in his own cleverness. *Nekkassov*, which the Royal Court Theatre has brought down from the Edinburgh Festival, is as close to irresponsible fun as a politically committed existentialist can be expected to come. Indeed, its only weakness is that it is so full of good jokes that gradually we get tired of laughing. M. Sartre has not bothered to construct a framework within which all the little jokes could become one big joke.

The hero of this Left Wing farce is a down-and-out swindler whose effrontery is as shameless as his wit is fluent. With the Paris police at his heels it suddenly occurs to him that an anti-Communist popular newspaper is not adequately exploiting the rumoured disappearance of a Soviet minister. He at once becomes Nekkassov, who has broken through the Iron Curtain to freedom. The harassed editor is terrified at the risks involved, but the proprietors, except for the chairman, are very willing to be impressed.

Any remaining doubts they may have are set at rest when the distinguished fugitive produces a list of those to be executed as soon as Paris becomes Communist. All their names are on this list and they purr with self-importance. Georges soon settles the hash of the recalcitrant chairman. Mouton's name is not on the list, and his resignation from the board becomes inevitable, for his omission shows that he is clearly in receipt of Russian gold.

The down-and-out with his daily instalment of lies about what has been going on inside Russia, and his enthusiastic accounts of the work done by its agents abroad, soon has bourgeois Paris at his feet. The hack journalist to whom he dictates his alarmist revelations learns that he is an impostor, and is wretchedly conscience-stricken to find himself the accomplice of an unscrupulous rogue. But he is being well paid, and what can he do about it? Meanwhile the angry Mouton bestirs himself to avenge the insult to his pride and, incidentally, to clear himself of the imputation of being a Communist.

NEKRASSOV has to reckon with the security police; Georges has also to reckon with the policeman who is doggedly pursuing the small-time swindler, though with a fatalistic conviction that he will never catch him. The hero has no difficulty in playing off the two sets of policemen against each other, and we have no doubt that he would eventually prove more than a match for the egregious Mouton. Unfortunately for him, there is a woman—only a journalist woman, it is true, and a Red at that—but still enough of a heroine to recall to him that though he may not have a conscience he is not without a heart.

This weakness is his undoing, but before he disappears, having collected what money he could find and made permanent provision for all his friends, he has had a glorious farcical up-and-down with a rival Russian refugee. Demidoff has been every kind of Communist and has ended up as a Bolshevik-Bolshevik. Georges points out that when a party has but one member there is little chance that it will ever have two. But once it has two members, what is to prevent it from having a million? Accepting the principle of centralization and the rule of authoritarian democracy, he volunteers to become the second member, the rank and file of the party, pledged not to indulge in faction work. Demidoff celebrates his political triumph with a vodka orgy which is the farce's true climax.

Mr. George Devine's treatment of the terrifically swift, light-fingered farce is a trifle on the slow side, and Mr. Robert Helpmann has not the natural volatility that the leading part demands. But both these defects may have been remedied before the London run ends. Meanwhile there are three delightfully correct performances by Mr. Roddy McMillan as the defeatist policeman, Mr. Felix Felton as the pompous Mouton, and Mr. Martin Miller as the ebullient Demidoff.





## A STAR FROM BROADWAY

ANNE KIMBELL is a young American actress who made her first appearance on the London stage last week when Lesley Storm's new comedy, "Roar Like A Dove," opened at the Phoenix. She plays the American wife of a Scottish laird (John McCallum) and the action passes in the Western Highlands of Scotland. The story tells of the conflict between the Laird, whose one desire is for an heir, and his wife who, having borne him six daughters in nine years, is in the mood for the bright lights. Miss Kimbell starred on Broadway in "The Seven Year Itch" and in "The Sleeping Prince"

*Photograph by Anthony Buckley*



*Jenny Bullen won the Members' Championship  
on her pony Catherston Moonstone*

## PONY CHAMPIONSHIPS AT STONELEIGH ABBEY

THROUGH the generosity of Lord and Lady Leigh, Stoneleigh Abbey, near Kenilworth, was the setting for the Pony Club Championships. The supreme individual trophy and Boys' Championship was won by George Acheson of the North Norfolk Hunt

*Miss Shelagh Kesler, Miss Karin Haeblerlin and  
Miss Victoria Vaughan of the Warwickshire*



*Jeremy Taylor, C. Franckenstein, Rosemary  
Taylor, Jennifer Quarmby and Devina Kennedy*

*Jasmine Gracie, Ann Stephens and Leonie  
Cowell, visitors from the Cotswolds*



*The winning Staff College and R.M.A.S. team; Celia Ross-  
Taylor, Jennifer Gott, Bridget Heyle and Susan Maxwell*

*Elizabeth Foster, Charles Fox, Mary King and Therese  
Leavy, the Taunton Vale team*







*June Hughes, Annabel Legard and Penny Downing with Stoneleigh Abbey, one of the most imposing residences in the Midlands, in the background*

P. C. Palmer



*C. Lowther, M. Scott and C. Vernon Miller with Major J. C. Vernon Miller*

*Brigadier F. R. Inglis with Jennifer Gott of the Staff College team*



*George Acheson who won the individual championship on Donegal*



*Topsy Parker and Jenny Bullen of the Cattistock Hunt*

*Lt.-Col. Brackenbury chatting with Mr. F. Hazeltine*

*Gillian Adair won the Associates Championships on Carnival II*



## At the Pictures

# JUSTICE FOR OMAR

**T**HOUGH Mr. Cornel Wilde in the title rôle of *Omar Khayyám* looks no more like an eleventh-century Persian poet than I do, the story of this opulent film, I was surprised to find, closely resembles a true biography of the man whom more than one historian has described as "the very paragon of his age."

In addition to writing verse, Omar really was a renowned scientist, mathematician, astronomer and sage and did have a hand in reforming the calendar. The film provides him with a couple of other attributes: he was, it appears, a remarkably fine military strategist, and he could quote Fitzgerald—a very neat trick indeed as that gentleman only happened along some seven hundred years after Omar's mouth had been stopt with dust.

As the scriptwriter, Mr. Barré Lyndon, accurately reports, Omar found favour at the court of the Shah (Mr. Raymond Massey) through the kindness of his old friend the Nizam (Mr. Sebastian Cabot), who was subsequently murdered by his one-time school-chum, Hasan Sabah—and this Hasan (played with a consciously devilish glitter by Mr. Michael Rennie) was in fact the leader of a fanatical Moslem sect which left us the word "assassin" as its dark memorial.

**M**R. LYNDON leans to the theory that "assassin" is a corruption of "hashishiyy" and alleges that members of the sect, after being subjected to a brain-washing process more rigorous than the one invented by the Communists, were rendered lethal on doses of hashish. This is borne out by a Victorian authority who says that "with an opiate of hemp-leaves they maddened themselves to a sullen pitch of Oriental desperation" which made them so free with their daggers that "they spread terror through the Mohammedan world."

It is quite correct that Hasan's headquarters were at the eyrie of Alamut—he was known to the Crusaders as the Old Man of the Mountain—but whether or not Omar was actually responsible for their demolition I can't say. A little dramatic licence is allowable—and any way it's fun to see the ingenious Mr. Wilde blowing the mountain fortress sky high with an explosive mixture compounded, if I remember aright, from crushed limestone, water, and the naphtha inherent in its rocky foundations.

The dialogue is cliché-ridden (how one deplores, with Omar, one's inability to cancel half a line or wash out a word of it!) but, under Mr. William Dieterle, spoken with unusual authority. Mr. John Derek flutters his enviable eyelashes fetchingly as the Shah's favourite son. Señorita Yma Sumac, a singer among the harem gigglers, contrives to yodel without moving a muscle—and for impassivity Miss Debra Paget, though torn from Omar's arms to wed the Shah, runs her a close second. There's a musical comedy look about Ancient Persia but thank goodness nobody insisted on making a musical of this picture—which, though faintly ridiculous in its Technicolor modernity, you'll have to admit is jolly educational, all the same.

**D**ON MURRAY, last seen cavorting boisterously with Miss Marilyn Monroe in *Bus Stop*, goes through all the agonies of a drug addict in *A Hatful Of Rain*—and does so quite terrifyingly well. Apparently he acquired his addiction to morphia while being treated for war wounds in a military hospital—and it is to me incomprehensible that the hospital authorities, washing their hands of him, should turn such a man loose to fall into the clutches of dope peddlars (an absolutely beastly lot as played here by Messrs. Henry Silva, Gerald O'Laughlin and William Hickey) and ruin his life.

His wife—pale, tense, appealing Miss Eva Marie Saint—has no idea what is the matter with her husband. His brother, admirably played by Mr. Anthony Franciosa, knows only too well: he has run through all his savings and eventually sells his car to provide Mr. Murray with the drug he craves. Loyally, and perhaps mistakenly, Mr. Franciosa has kept his brother's



"OMAR KHAYYÁM" takes the filmgoer into all the colour and excitement of eleventh-century Persia in telling the life story of the famous poet, scientist, sage and courtier. The Shah of Persia is played by Raymond Massey (above), and Yma Sumac (below) plays Karina, a singer in the harem who has all the mystery and intrigue of the East at her fingertips







NATASHA PARRY plays an Eastern nurse in *Windom's Way*, a new Pinewood picture, after an absence of three years from the screen. Ronald Neame is the film's director, and the cast is led by Peter Finch and Mary Ure

secret, but there is bound to be a show-down and it comes when Mr. Lloyd Nolan, their stupid Philistine father, arrives to bawl out Mr. Franciosa for squandering the two thousand five hundred dollars he had counted on borrowing from him.

Mr. Murray forces himself to confess his addiction to his disgusted father, who takes it as a personal insult, and to his tender, sympathetic wife: when the wretched man falls into the ghastly convulsive frenzy of the deprived addict, it is left to her to do the one thing possible. Tremulously she picks up the telephone and calls the police. The film, directed by Mr. Fred Zinneman, is less deliberately harrowing than *The Man With The Golden Arm* but infinitely more affecting because the tragedy here occurs among ordinary, decent people.

**A** FRENCH film *Grand' Rue* (with English subtitles), made in Spain, won the Grand Prix of the International Critics at Venice last year, has been beautifully directed by M. J. A. Bardem but is so desperately cruel that I hesitate to recommend it to you. It is the story of a heartless joke played by four bored, insensitive men upon a thirty-five-year-old spinster in a small provincial Spanish town.

Miss Betsy Blair, as the spinster, has dreamed since she was seventeen of being married. It is arranged that the best-looking of the four jokers, Senor José Suarez, shall pretend to fall in love with her and propose marriage: when they have laughed their fill at the spectacle of an innocent woman being made a fool of, they will tell her it was all just an exquisite jest. "Will she laugh?" bitterly asks Mlle. Dora Doll—a tart to whom M. Suarez confides their hilarious little plot.

One waits with aching heart for Miss Blair's ultimate disillusionment—for the light to die in her childlike eyes and the smile to fade from the happy lips that have known kisses for the first time. Will she run away from the scene of her humiliation—will she kill herself? I do not know. At the end there is just her stricken face at a rain-drenched window—and unless you are prepared to be haunted by it for a long time, I think you should stay away from this picture.

—Elsbeth Grant



**IAN CARMICHAEL**, of the Boulting Brothers comedy team which made such a success with *Private's Progress* and *Brothers In Law*, takes the part of the hero, a harassed young university lecturer, in the screen version of Kingsley Amis's famous novel *Lucky Jim*, which caught so unmistakably the brasher overtone of the postwar academic scene. Terry-Thomas, Hugh Griffith and Sharon Acker are his chief accomplices in this comedy, which completes a remarkable "hat trick" for British films

# PROGRAMME FOR A RAINBOW GARDEN

*BETTY HAY here contributes the first of a series of practical articles which will assist readers to cultivate their own gardens. This week the ground is prepared thoroughly for the future*

**T**HIS is an exasperating time in the garden. We are longing for a frost to give us the excuse for cutting everything down, clearing the decks, and starting again for next year. Any day now we shall start the great overhaul. We have so many things to do. My ambition is to have one or two borders in the garden that will give us colour from the end of March, when the daffodils start, until November, when the Michaelmas daisies finish, without an impossible amount of staking, tying and maintenance. Of course, we realize that borders like these will never present a blaze of colour at one moment, but there will always be something interesting to look at for eight months in the year.

So we long to get busy among the borders. Many plants will be pulled out, given away, or thrown on the rubbish heap; others will be divided to increase the show during the lean periods. Anybody can have a fine border up to about the end of June. Everything is growing clean and fresh—all the easy plants, like lupins, iris, geums, aquilegias and the rest of them are doing their best for us.

**B**UT when July comes there are gaps in the borders which have to be skilfully filled, and in August and September the yellow-flowered plants seem to take over and it needs a good deal of thought and planning to bring variety into the autumn borders.

We have found, by bitter experience, that it never pays to leave the bedding-out of wallflowers, with or without their happy partners the May-flowering tulips and myosotis, much after the middle of October. Too often we have been tempted to leave the summer asters, dahlias, geraniums and the rest until the frosts come. But when we have been strong minded, pulled them out early in October, and planted our wallflowers, we have had a wonderful show. The point is that if the wallflowers are planted while the soil is still warm, they have a chance to make some good roots before the winter sets in, and they are able to put up with all the trials and tribulations that the winter can bring. So, bedding out around the house is a top priority this month. Our friends and neighbours seem to think we are a trifle odd, because we go to some trouble to bed out spring-flowering and summer-flowering plants near the house. But I always think of the parts of the garden that I can see from the windows as being part of the house. I am prepared to go to quite a lot of trouble to have colour near the house all through the year.

**T**HE spring is easy—wallflowers and tulips. The summer is not too bad either—antirrhinums, geraniums, begonias, asters, French marigolds, zinnias and so on. At strategic places we put a tub or two of bulbs in the spring, followed by begonias, geraniums, or even some permanent tub occupants, hydrangeas.

We have been planning and plotting where we will put the odd flowering cherry—sited against a dark background to show itself off to best advantage. One border of hardy flowers, which is giving us rather more trouble than we want, we have decided to replace with floribunda roses. The roses must be ordered now, otherwise they will come so late in the spring that they will probably die if we get a dry summer. We have odd gaps on walls and fences that we want to cover with climbing roses, wistarias, jasmine, honeysuckle, camellias, and many more plants that we

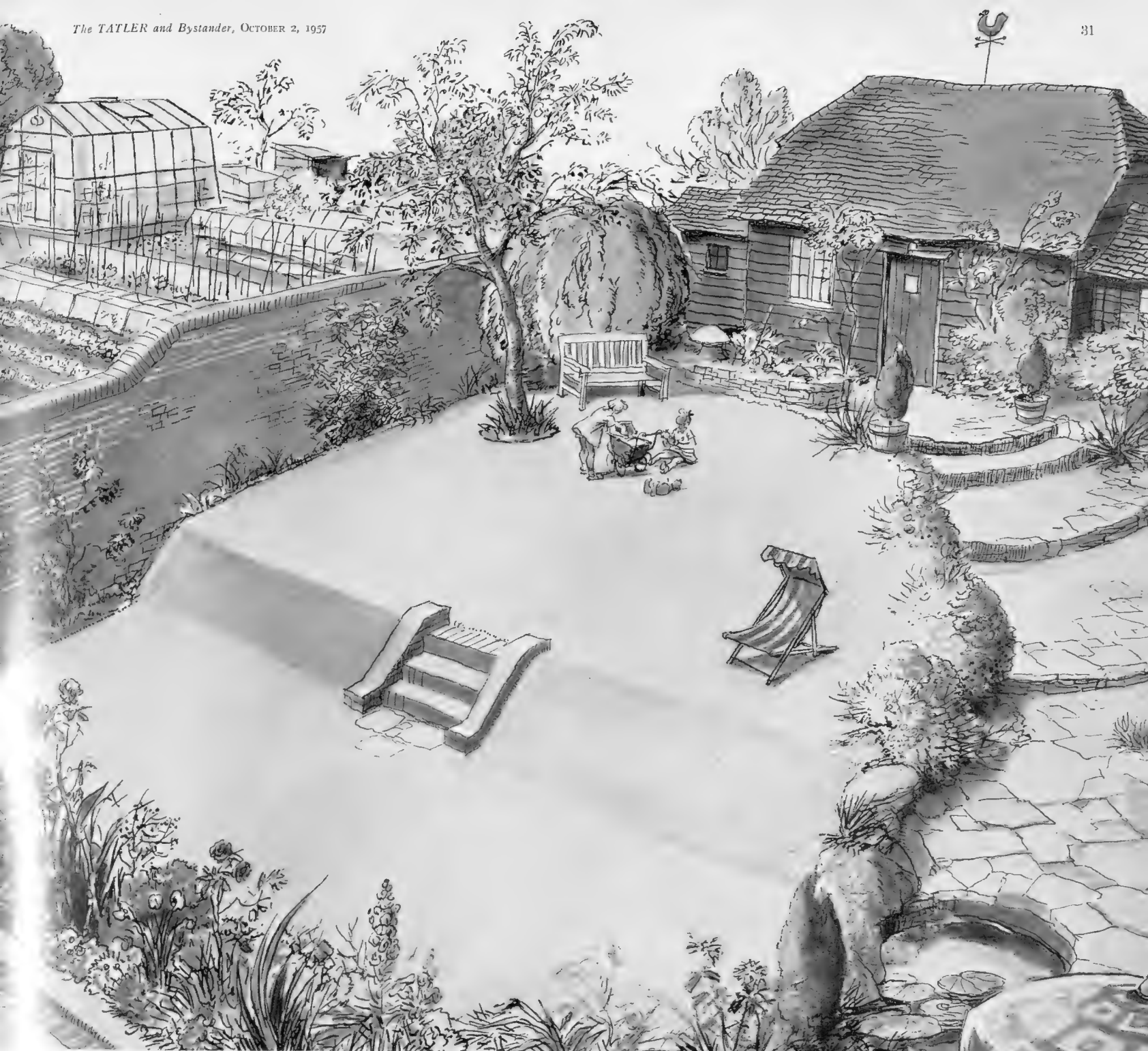
know perfectly well we shall never be able to afford to buy.

There are the bulbs to plant. We are fortunate in having an apple tree and a weeping elm whose branches sweep the grass. Underneath these we have planted over the years several hundred daffodils. The bulbs flower magnificently in March and April, and just as the old foliage is beginning to look a little tatty, leaves come on the trees and hide them from view, and the bulbs can wither away in their own good time. There are other bulbs to plant, tulips, Dutch irises, and daffodils in a corner of the vegetable garden to provide cut flowers for the house. There are the crocuses, snowdrops, dog's tooth violets, dwarf tulips, and miniature narcissi in the rock garden. There are bulbs to plant in pots or bowls to bring into the house to give us cheer in the early months of the year.

**I** LOVE the flowers so much that it needs a conscious effort to concentrate upon the vegetables and fruits. But when the time comes to pick the cloche-grown peas at the end of May, and all the other fresh, succulent produce, I must confess I get as much pleasure from gathering this hard won harvest as I do from seeing our beds and borders, or from gathering sheaves of flowers for arranging in the house.







We are planting more strawberries and raspberries now, and we can always be sure of help in picking these crops, because my two small daughters will volunteer happily, probably eating as much as they put into the baskets.

At the beginning I said that this is an exasperating time of the year. The days are growing shorter, and there is so much to be done. In the greenhouses and frames we have cuttings to pot up, seeds to sow; we have the chrysanthemums to bring into the house; and, if we ever get a moment, we want to give the greenhouse a coat of paint.

Every year we have promised ourselves that we will clear up the remains of summer and autumn. We will dig the ground early and leave it rough for the winter. We shall do all the constructional jobs, we promise ourselves, in good time, and we shall, we hope, have everything ready by March 1, so that we can get off to a good start in the spring. But it never seems to work out that way. Always we get sidetracked, and when we should be concentrating on the ordinary routine of the garden in the spring, we are trying to catch up on ourselves, still making new paths, or reconstructing the rock garden. But this year, we are resolved, it is going to be all different.





RUE RAMBUTEAU, LES HALLES. This is one of the delightful locations of the Paris scene in "Paris Sketchbook" by Ronald Searle and Kaye Webb (Perpetua, 21s.)

## Book Reviews

# THE WAXEN IMAGE



EMYR HUMPHREYS, whose book "Hear And Forgive" won the Somerset Maugham Award, has written a new novel which is coming out next week, "The Italian Wife" (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 15s.)

THE book-jacket says that **I, Madame Tussaud**, by Sylvia Martin (Gollancz, 16s.), is "a fictional autobiography." At the first glance, you may not like that idea—"fictionalization" prospers in the United States, as a means of popularizing reality, but here we like true stories unfancified. However, the interest of Miss Martin's subject, plus her manner of tackling it, breaks down prejudice. She strikes one as having invented nothing, but, rather, having interpreted facts she has—thus using imagination *rightly*. This book is based on the memoirs published by the great show-woman herself, in 1838, plus Tussaud letters and documents which have since come to light. From these there emerges a tale so strange that the most vivacious fiction could hardly add to it. Also—and this is the author's triumph!—we are somehow admitted inside the carapace of a dauntless, extraordinary little woman, who in life accorded to no one her whole confidence.

FEW of the "famous and infamous" now ensconced under the Madame Tussaud ensign could—were they to open their waxen lips—disclose more bizarre personal histories. And the manner of telling shows strong identity. I had no idea, till I read this book, how misinformed (or one might say under-informed) I had been, since my early days, about Madame Tussaud. In general the hand-out was that she was a French-woman who during or shortly after the Reign of Terror escaped from Paris to our shores, with death-masks of guillotined royalties in her baggage, and that she set up in London with nothing more, at the outset, than these gruesome mementoes. In fact she was born Swiss, her maiden name (which she was slow to change) being Grosholtz. Her birth date was 1761. Brought as a child to Paris, she lived with her uncle, under whose tutelage she became a youthful wax-artist of wide renown.

He, Philip Curtius, had hoped to be a physician, but was handicapped by being unable to suffer the sight of blood; he therefore turned to the manufacture of anatomical models, and from thence to portraiture in the same plastic medium. With



his niece's aid, he opened a permanent "Cabinet" of waxworks; this became the rage with the *beau-monde* of pre-Revolutionary Paris. It was *not* the French Revolution—which she lived through, in spite of her dread assignment, with really remarkable equanimity—that caused Madame Tussaud to cross the English Channel. She lived on, indeed, in Paris for several years after the blood of the Terror had ceased to run, looked on at the rise of Napoleon, essayed his portrait. Her move to England was a career enterprise; she "escaped" from nothing more menacing than a tedious husband. As planned, she proceeded to tour the British Isles with a spectacular and assorted show of waxwork novelties, greatly publicised.

The Tussaud story opens at its end—that is, we meet the great old lady of Baker Street, in London, on her eighty-second birthday. She has founded a British national institution. Two ageing sons, forever bound by her spell, squabble in her presence like rival lovers. Here is, indeed, the last of the many emotional dramas of her life. Psychologically, her upbringing had been peculiar: she was, she frankly admits, in love with her uncle, therefore fended off all other gallant advances. Philip Curtius, author of her fame, exploiter of her fashionable reputation, was to her at once Svengali, idol and ogre. He sold Anne Marie Grosholtz, virtually, to the Versailles court, where for a spell she alternately preened and pined—in the rôle of playmate, plaything and tame artist to Madame Elizabeth, Louis XVI's sister.

**A** FORMALIZED, yet withal tender, relationship between the two young girls, one a royal innocent, one a pert little *bourgeoise*, is nicely depicted. So is the Versailles of the eve of the storm. Such an inside view cannot have been accorded to any person not of the *noblesse*, other than *la petite Suisse*, celebrity. . . . Meanwhile, Uncle Philip was busily hobnobbing with revolutionaries: his niece, when at last she returned home, found herself in the thick of anti-tyranny plots. Now from her versatile fingers sprang wax portraits of Marat, Robespierre and their fellows. Before she knew where she was, the French Revolution had passed on from its idealistic dawn to the Terror blood bath. Citoyenne Grosholtz, thereupon, was commanded to render a ghastly service. Installed in a special studio, she worked overtime on execution mornings—frozen with horror, holding between her knees the still-warm, decapitated heads of those who had smiled on her at Versailles. The King's, then the Queen's, and last of all the familiar Madame Elizabeth's.

Anne Marie accepted François Tussaud as husband only after Philip Curtius's death. By rumour François, money-grubbing provincial, was a bastard son of Louis XV. . . . The adventurous venture in Britain provides an aftermath; Madame Tussaud surmounted crises and acquired a lover. She was to live long enough to contrast Queen Victoria (unfavourably) with Marie Antoinette. *I, Madame Tussaud* gains in force by the sharp, semi-angry character of its wording. The whole is immensely convincing; *I* cannot doubt, in the main, this book's historic validity.

**M**RS. ROBERT HENREY's new book, **A Daughter For A Fortnight** (Dent, 18s.), has the charm and liveliness we have come to associate with this author's pen. Autobiographical, once again, Mrs. Henrey relates how she played mother to eighteen-year-old Marie-Paule, a Parisian visitor to Britain. Marie-Paule was treated to her trip by the praiseworthy French magazine *Elle*—she had, it should be explained, won a competition. "What does a woman need?" "An Ideal" had replied Marie-Paule. Mrs. Henrey was naturally anxious to find out what the ideal was. Meanwhile, she and the charming child sight-saw in London, then toured Scotland.

*A Daughter For A Fortnight* is decidedly a tribute to French girlhood, of the non-bonjour-tristesse type. The chronicle lags a little, though not much, after the exit of Marie-Paule; however, we are consoled by a trip to Paris and an inside view of the feminine magazine world.

To translate poetry is, Shelley thought, impossible. **The Sky Above The Roof** (Rupert Hart-Davis, 12s. 6d.) may help to decide what is *your* opinion. Fifty-six poems by Paul Verlaine have been put into English by Brian Hill—the French original, in each case, being on the opposite page. Brian Hill's introduction takes the form of a biographical study of the poet.

—Elizabeth Bowen



UNWILLING caballero, photographed at a Mexican country fair by Max Scheler: "Photography Year Book 1958" (Photography Magazine, 30s.)

BOW MUG, c. 1760, painted in famille rose style, is reproduced in "The China Collectors' Guide" by Stanley W. Fisher (Patina Press, 30s.)



DIAMOND engraved bowl (below) by P. M. Boissier, to be shown in the Chelsea Art Society's Exhibition, Chenil Gallery (October 11 to 25)







## Fashions by Isobel Vicomtesse d'Orthez

WINTER coats this year have loose, unfitted lines, and are made some in tweed, and some in smooth wool. Many, reflecting the new season's trend, have fur collars. On the left is a double breasted overcoat in oatmeal and brown mixture Irish hand-woven tweed. It has a great wide collar of phantom beaver. By Rodex, price 40½ gns. at Marshall and Snelgrove, W.1; Jolly & Sons, Bath. Below: This coat is also by Rodex. Made in Irish hand-woven tweed, a red, black, green fleck on a white ground, it buttons from a neat collar, and has a huge matching stole. Price approx. 25 gns., it will be in the stores for winter

## A WARM WELCOME TO TWEEDS



Peter Clark



SLENDER COAT in bamboo and white pure wool tweed by Kashmoor (right). Satin-lined, it has pleated side-vents and unusual decorative buttons. Price 13 gns. at Marshall and Snelgrove W.1; John Moses, Newcastle; tan beret by Dolores

CLASSIC COAT in black and white (above). In a distinctive Irish herringbone tweed, the coat is loose, raglan sleeved, Made by Ledux. It costs 13½ gns. at Bourne & Hollingsworth and Copland & Lye, Glasgow



BEAUTIFULLY CUT full-backed coat in bottle green by Aquascutum (right). The fabric, of great warmth and softness, is a wool and angora drawn face coating. The coat falls loosely from a softly-rounded collar. 25 gns. at Aquascutum, London and Bristol; hat by Dolores









LEFT: A tapering coat of rich chestnut tweed by Sylvia Mills. The wide u-neck has cross-over tabs fastened with a button, and an inset collar of black Persian lamb. It costs approximately 36 gns. at Rocha of Grafton Street, and Kendal Milne, Manchester

BELOW LEFT: A black angora swagger coat by Vernervogue. It has bishop's sleeves and most of its fullness at the back; with collar and tuxedo trimming of Black South-West African Persian Lamb. Price 59 gns. at Marshall and Snelgrove; Samuels, Manchester. Hat by Gina Davies

BELOW: Also by Vernervogue, this grey peach velure swagger coat has bishop's sleeves tapered to the wrist. It has a large Peter Pan collar of graphite coloured South-West African Persian Lamb. Price 25½ gns.; at Dickins and Jones; Mary Lee, Tunbridge Wells. Hat by Jeanne



## CHOICE FOR THE WEEK

THE QUALITIES for which English tailors are renowned the world over are perfectly summarized in this beautifully cut, well-tailored suit by Edward Allen. In soft grey rayé muliné, made in sizes from 38-inch hips to 44, it is a suit designed essentially for the not-so-slim woman. It costs 25 gns. (26 gns. for 44-inch hips), and comes with all accessories from Debenham & Freebody. The stove-pipe hat in deep green peach bloom costs £2 7s. 6d., the large loden green sports suède bag, 89s. 6d., and the raglan sleeve jersey by Spagnoli in Aglemere, 5 gns.

## IN THE CLASSIC TRADITION



Photographs by  
John French





## POST-HOLIDAY PLANNING

# The well-tempered living-room

*IN the autumn face-lift for your home that we have been considering, there is no arena in which taste can operate more pleasurably than the living-room, where imagination may range freely. Here you should aim to achieve unity of style without sacrificing comfort, as instanced in the examples, very much in the modern idiom, on these two pages*

—JEAN CLELAND



This most handsome Daum table lamp is in slender contemporary style with a new scroll shade in nylon raffia. The lamp is £12 12s. and the shade 3 gns. from Harrods, Knightsbridge

Swedish lamps covered in nylon raffia, metal legs. Large, 9 gns., small, £8 15s. 6d. Wallpaper "Rose Branch" by Coles. Curtain fabric, Edinburgh Weavers, 48 in. £2 5s. a yard. Chair, £30 10s. Convertible settee, £80 0s. 6d. Indian carpet, £24. Vase, £27 7s. 6d. Selby prints, £5 10s. each. Harrods



A highly individual fabric called "Running Dash," obtainable in black on a white background. In 50 inch width it costs £1 18s. a yard. It is obtainable from Woollands







These long and narrow trays, with photostat decoration, are both heat and acid proof finished. Woollands of Knightsbridge sell them at £3 3s. each

A black Formica topped coffee table costing £25, a coffee set by Royal Doulton, "Debut," for six persons, costing £10 8s. 9d., and a tambour doored teak cupboard from Denmark costing £90 5s., all stocked by Woollands



Dennis Smith

The radio-gramophone cabinet in teak, with tambour doors, is £95. Floor lamp with telescopic stem costs £6 15s., the drum shade, in many colours, £3 18s. 6d., and the teak dining chair in red tweed is £13 2s. All come from Woollands



A new tulip styled table lamp with six brass stems and the holders and base in beechwood. Less bulbs, £7 11s. 2d.; with, £8 12s. 11d. William Perring, Kensington, W.8



## Beauty

# New fragrances

LIKE the different chords in music, scent has many themes and variations. Choosing a new one holds the spice of adventure. With one set of notes you get sophistication, with another freshness and simplicity, with still another, a provocative suggestion of mystery.

Waiting to speak to the buyer in one of the big scent departments of a London store, I watched two friends approach the counter at which I was sitting. The quest was scent. Something different from the one which the slightly older friend had always been in the habit of using. Assisted by the younger one, she sniffed here and she sniffed there at the various test bottles presented to her by the salesgirl, at whose wondrous patience I silently marvelled. When the whole department was beginning to smell of the combined scents which had been tested out on her wrists and those of her friend, she made her choice. "I don't know," she said, "whether, after all, I wouldn't do better to have the scent I know. I've always used 'A' and I've always liked 'A'." "Then, if I were you," said her friend, "I'd play safe and stick to 'A'."

More adventurous spirits, looking out for something new in the way of fragrance, may like to know what the various perfumiers have been creating ready for the winter ahead.

SPECIALLY for the Christmastide festivities, Helena Rubinstein has just brought out a lovely new fragrance called "White Magnolia." This is unusual because while it is fresh and spring-like, it has an underlying note that is as haunting as a persuasive tune. "White Magnolia" comes in an elegant pack featured in turquoise blue and white, and can be had in skin perfume, dusting powder, soap and solid fragrance.

Anything new from Jean Patou is an exciting event in the world of scent, and there are many who will welcome his latest creation which he calls "Lasso." He tells us that no other perfume, except "Joy" has such a high concentration, which is why "Lasso" lasts so long. News concerning this scent is that Patou's leading fashion designer modelled the shape of the bottle after the dress of a mannequin.

Since even the finest scents lose their strength after being worn for some time, the habit of carrying a further supply in the handbag for the purpose of renewal is becoming increasingly popular. One of the very latest devices for doing this successfully comes from Parfums Weil of Paris with an entirely new type of atomiser which has already had a great success in Europe. Straight from Paris, this atomiser called the "Diffusette" is pocket-sized. The push-button spray enables one to use every drop of the scent with no waste, and the transparent cap allows for leakage.

TALKING of scent that carries well in the handbag, here is something that young people especially, who like a fresh scent, will appreciate. D. R. Collins (or Fields) latest handbag size stick cologne in the attractive fragrances "French Pink" and "French Moss."

Chanel's No. 22 scent has always been a favourite. Last year they introduced a "No. 22" talcum powder, and now they have added a matching toilet soap.

I well remember the occasion of the launching of Lenthéric's "Royal Rose" which was well and truly faithful to the flower. The famous Harry Wheatcroft made a speech, and described it as a "green note." Lenthéric's have now introduced a "Royal Rose Iceberg," an attractive stick of solid perfume; also a "Miniature Royal Rose Bouquet" in fob-shaped flat bottles, with tiny pale blue caps. Either are excellent for tucking into the handbag for travelling.

—Jean Cleland



Jean Patou's new highly-concentrated scent "Lasso" in its elegantly shaped bottle



The "Diffusette" by Parfums Weil is a push-button atomiser for carrying in a handbag



# THEY ARE ENGAGED



Miss Veronica Scott, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. K. Scott, of Reydon Grove Farm, Southwold, Suffolk, is engaged to the Hon. Eustace Gibbs, younger son of the late Lord Wraxall, and of Lady Wraxall, of Tyntesfield, near Bristol

Hassano



Miss Anne Conworth Fish, daughter of Mrs. Elsa Mann, Eaton Meves South, S.W.1, and step-daughter of Mr. T. C. Mann, is to marry Mr. Shaun Aley, son of Mr. J. A. W. Aley and Mrs. Redmond Grath, of Halnaker Park, at Chichester, Sussex

Yevonde



Miss Alison Wetton-Turner, only daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Derek Wetton-Turner, of Constantia, Cape, South Africa, has announced her engagement to Mr. John Graham Southey, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. John Southey, of Colesberg, Cape, S.A.



Miss Sara Margaret Wright, daughter of the late Dr. Herbert Wright, of Merrion Square, Dublin, and of Mrs. C. A. West, of Westminster Gardens, London, S.W.1, is to marry the Hon. Dominick Browne, elder son of Lord Oranmore and Browne, and the Hon. Mrs. Hew Dalrymple

Lenore



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# Horrockses

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**McLaren—Macdonald.** Mr. Ian McLaren, only son of Mr. and Mrs. John McLaren, of Westerlea, Lenzie, Lanarkshire, married Miss Elizabeth Anne Macdonald, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Allan V. Macdonald, of Braemar, Lenzie, at the Union Church, Lenzie

## RECENTLY MARRIED



**Trevor — Houstoun-Boswall.** Mr. John Clyfford Trevor, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Clyfford Trevor, of Roehampton, married Miss Jane Carolyn Houstoun-Boswall, daughter of the late Capt. Charles Houstoun-Boswall, Royal Scots Greys, and of Mrs. Houstoun-Boswall, of Rutland Gate, at St. James, Piccadilly



**Lee—Atkinson.** Lt. Christopher John Lee, South Wales Borderers, only son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. W. C. N. Lee, of The Mount, Monmouth, married Miss Shirley (Belle) Atkinson, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. A. Atkinson, of Grey Hall, Abergavenny, at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge



James Russell

**Charlton-Jones—Bennett.** Mr. Graham Charlton-Jones, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. S. Charlton-Jones, of The Manor House, Marylebone, married Miss Julie Mary Bennett, daughter of the late Mr. Douglas Bennett, and Mrs. Bennett, of the White Cottage, New Maldon, Surrey, at Christ Church, Cops Hill, Wimbledon



**Herrenschmidt—Vaughan.** The marriage took place recently at St. Peter's Church, Eaton Square, between Mr. Jean-Roger Herrenschmidt, of rue de la Faisanderie, Paris, France, and Miss Carol Vaughan, the daughter of Major and Mrs. J. Vaughan, of Roland Way, South Kensington, London, S.W.7





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Musquash*



*Leopard  
or  
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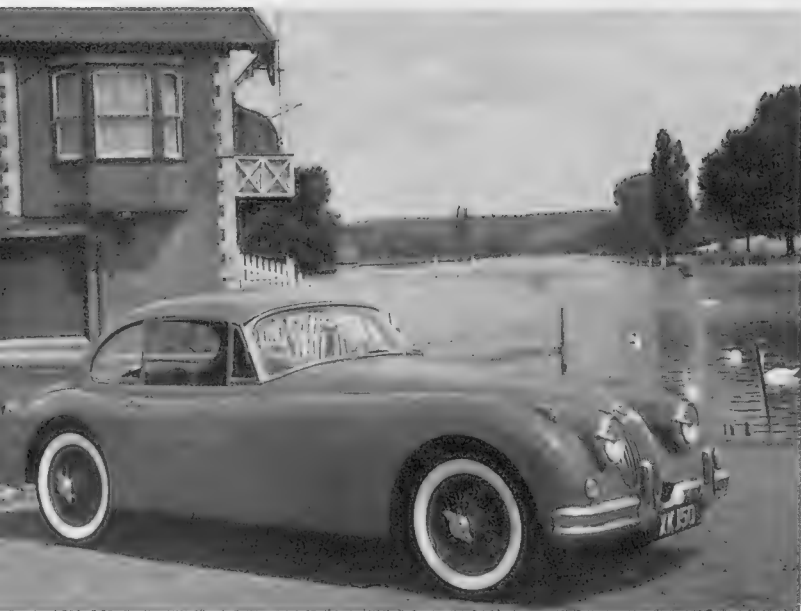
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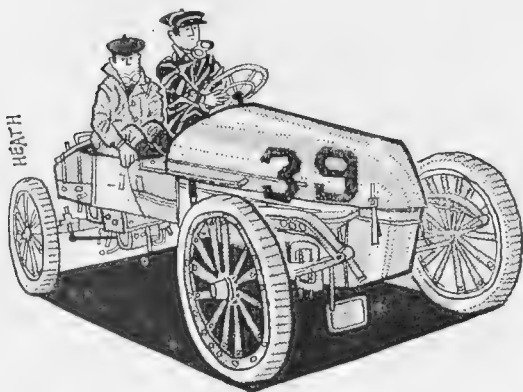
THE JAGUAR XK150 is the latest addition to this firm's series of internationally renowned sports cars. It is a fixed head coupe with seats for two and additional accommodation for another adult or two children. It has Dunlop disc brakes incorporated on all four wheels



THE VAUXHALL CRESTA is one of the two new models that this firm is unveiling today. It is a full six-seater, and has plentiful space for luggage stowage. Full use has been made of stainless steel in window frames and elsewhere, while rubber-plastic underseals the car

## Motoring

# VAUXHALLS AS NEW AS TODAY



### The R.A.C. suggests...

That time spent in aligning headlamps is time well-spent. Nearly 2,000 accidents are caused every year due to dazzle. Correct alignment of headlamps will obviate this danger.

Do it by parking the car about twenty-five feet from a blank wall, square and facing the wall. Switch on headlamps and cover each in turn. The image projected on the wall should be uniform in shape. If not, the bulb focus requires adjusting or, in the case of fixed focus lamps, the bulb needs renewal.

The beams should be parallel to each other and pointing straight ahead. They should also be dipped slightly below the horizontal to allow for passengers in the rear seats and for road surface variations.

IT seems almost a small miracle, to me, for the release date for the new Vauxhall Velox and Cresta models for 1958 to occur on this very day of publication of *The TATLER*.

For once, therefore, I am able to give information about the new models as soon as the daily papers, and am not put in the invidious position of having to follow months afterwards. The Velox and Cresta models are entirely new and do not owe anything to earlier models or to the Victor, but they have a low top line, which is the modern fashion. This brings the centre of gravity of the loaded car to only 23 in. above the ground.

The Vauxhall six cylinder models incorporate two features which the company regards as being of exceptional importance; first the entire under surface, except for the front wings, is coated with a thick layer of rubber-plastic material to reduce drumming and to protect the metal and, second, all bright work above the waistline, except for the no-draught windows and heater air intake, are made of stainless steel. The body, although it is wider and longer than the one it supersedes, weighs about the same. The claim of the company is that all passengers enjoy a "between-axles" ride and that there is ample headroom in the rear compartment. The Cresta is, in many ways, to be regarded as a more highly finished and furnished model of the Velox.

REPEATEDLY I have put the view that the very small car is something more than a direct reaction to high running costs and parking restrictions. Rumours abound that British makers are to introduce certain very small cars at the Motor Show. Whether those rumours are right or wrong, it is certain that Italian and German makers are preparing to follow up vigorously their early successes in this field.

The point is that the very small vehicle, provided it gives adequate comfort for at least two people, is especially well-suited to modern motoring conditions. That is the basis of the argument for the Goggomobil, the new NSU and for the 500-c.c. Fiat. The last of these vehicles must be given adequate comment, for the simple reason that Fiat are one of the great motor manufacturing companies of the world and that their market research work is as good as any known today. If Fiat say that there is a demand for a 500-c.c. car we ought to accept their word.

I HAVE been looking at the new 500, which is a fascinating little car with a total price in Great Britain, inclusive of purchase tax, of £556 7s. It follows the modern idea for the lower capacity vehicles, of mounting the engine at the rear and of using air cooling. There are two cylinders arranged vertically in line, and the stroke is rather greater than the bore. The overhead valves are push-rod operated and the compression ratio, 7.5 : 1, is not so high as to demand the use of any special fuels. The suspension is independent at both front and rear, and the brakes are hydraulic. The maximum speed claimed by the manufacturers is 55 m.p.h., with a fuel consumption, at two-thirds of the maximum speed, of 63 miles to the gallon.

When the Fiat 600 appeared it created a great deal of attention in this country, and it now has a large number of owners who seem to like it. It is almost certain that the 500 will follow in the same success pattern. So far as I personally am concerned, I always like to see a distinguished company that has done so much in racing in the past in the forefront of progress in the present, and consequently I hope that the 500 will indeed prove a popular model in Great Britain.

—Oliver Stewart



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## DINING OUT

*Six million bottles a year*

I WENT to a very interesting lunch given by Mr. Brian Harrison, the only Australian member of the House of Commons. This was to celebrate the sale of the six-millionth bottle of Australian wine in this country during the twelve months ending June 30, 1957.

We had been drinking some excellent Australian wines during the lunch and finished up with the six-millionth bottle, which arrived suitably beribboned with two sprigs of "wattle" attached, the Australian equivalent of mimosa. This turned out to be an Australian after-dinner "sherry" and was very good.

After the guests had all received a small glass I was presented with the bottle and the balance—it was still nearly a quarter full.

When Brian Harrison was at school in Melbourne, a distant relative wrote to his father and said that he had been examining the family tree; had discovered that they were his nearest relatives; and that he would like to make Brian his heir; that is, heir to 350 acres of land and a house which had been in the family for some hundreds of years situated at Copford, near Colchester in Essex.

Some years later Brian came into the property and after the war decided to move in himself, which he did, and he now farms 350 acres and has become M.P. for Maldon, also in Essex.

MR. HARRISON said he intended to make no apology for referring in his speech to the excellent wine they had been drinking as Australian burgundy, hock, sherry, etc. He knew that the producers of Portuguese port, Spanish sherry, etc., might well object. He was told, however, that in Spain the roadside hoardings were plastered with advertisements for Spanish Cognac—which, if they were logical, they would call by something totally different. He had also seen in the shop windows here bottles labelled Spanish Sauternes, Portuguese Chablis, and other beverages—all of them excellent, he had no doubt. The same sort of thing happened with chalk and cheeses—French chalk did not come from France, and the Canadians sent us Cheddar.

Here, without wishing to seem ungracious, I must do battle. If the Spanish advertise a Spanish brandy as Cognac I think it is absurd. Champagne as far as I am concerned can only come from the defined area of the Champagne districts of France; and the word Chablis only conveys a small town in Burgundy and a particular wine from its district.

—I. Bickerstaff



ARTHUR TRAPANI now manages Skindle's Hotel, Maidenhead, for his father, Giulio Trapani. He joined his father in 1953 after experience at the Bagatelle, the Berkeley Arms and the Savoy. The cuisine is international

Ivon de Wynter

## DINING IN

*Opportunity on the wing*

A GAY and amusing approach to domestic problems is evinced by Elinor Goulding Smith in *The Complete Book Of Absolutely Perfect Housekeeping* (Muller, 10s. 6d.). She recounts with relish the pitfalls prepared for the housewife

I HOPED and wrote that game birds should be plentiful this year, and therefore inexpensive, because of the lovely early and warm spring, but I did not dare hope that grouse would reach the remarkably low price level at which they can now be obtained. Nor did I expect to be told that they are two months ahead of time in growth—that is, two months fatter and more fleshy than they have ever been at this period of the season. My information comes from a game dealer and is reliable. No doubt many readers will bear it out from their own experience already.

For "full measure," he tells me that the birds are at, and probably below, pre-war price. He is selling this year's fully grown plump birds at 10s. each and last year's, for casseroles, at 5s. a time. It would seem then that grouse is the only food which is not four or five times its pre-war cost.

When any good thing is normally available, we may not order it often enough to use it "recklessly," but, when such a wonderful bargain arrives, we may—or should, I think—let ourselves go and try other dishes with it.

Because pâtes, it seems to me, are the best friends of hostess-cooks, I seem always to be giving recipes for them. A few weeks ago it was Partridge Pâte, and now here is one for Grouse Pâte that I have found most satisfactory.

Start by boning 1 to 2 grouse and discarding the lower part of the back which, all authorities agree, gives an unpleasant flavour—not as bad, perhaps, as the bile mark left on chicken livers, but unpleasant enough.

Boning is easy if you have a small sharp knife. Just cut the flesh to the bone down the back and keep right close to it and you cannot go wrong. Remove the skin and weigh the meat. Cut the breasts into 4 strips each. Place them in a basin with a crushed clove of garlic, if you like, a sliced shallot and carrot, a little salt and freshly milled pepper, and enough dry white wine to cover. Leave for several hours.

MEANWHILE, mince together an equal weight (to the grouse breast) each of fatty fresh pork or boiled ham with plenty of fat on it, and veal, together with the meat from the grouse legs and the giblets. Season with pepper and salt, a tiny pinch of grated nutmeg and a few grains of Cayenne pepper. Beat in a raw egg. (If an electric blender is available, turn this minced mixture into it and reduce it to a purée.)

Place a layer in a well buttered straight-sided dish (terrine) just large enough for the meat mixture and the grouse breasts. Lay half the strips of breast on it, cover with another layer of the purée with the remaining strips of breast on it and finish with a layer of the meat purée. Tap the dish on the table so that the contents settle into it. Cover with buttered greaseproof paper. Stand in a pan of hot water and bake slowly for 2 hours at 300 deg. F. or gas mark 2.

Remove, place a weighted plate on top and leave overnight. Cover with a thin layer of butter. With the skin and bones and the marinade in which the grouse breasts rested, you can make a game soup.

—Helen Burke



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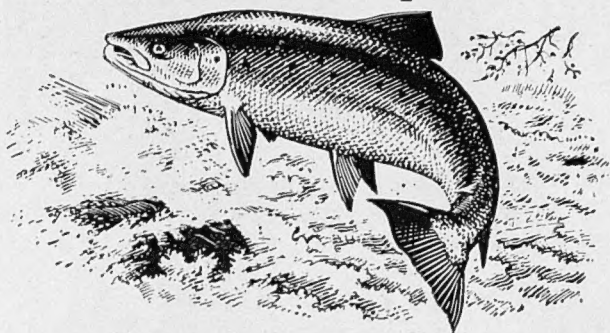
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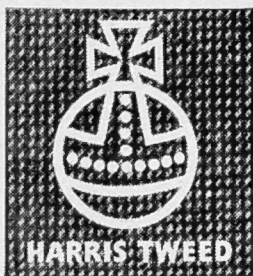
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